THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCI.—No. 1180] JULY 28, 1926 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

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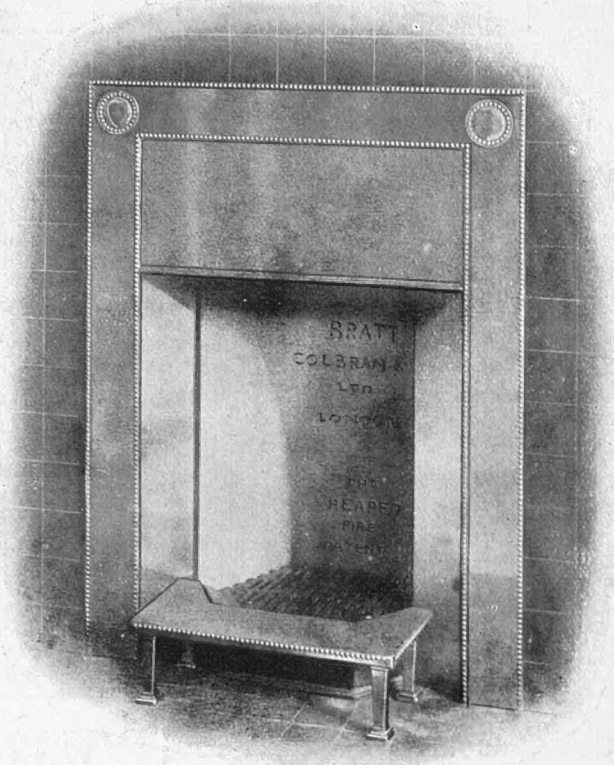

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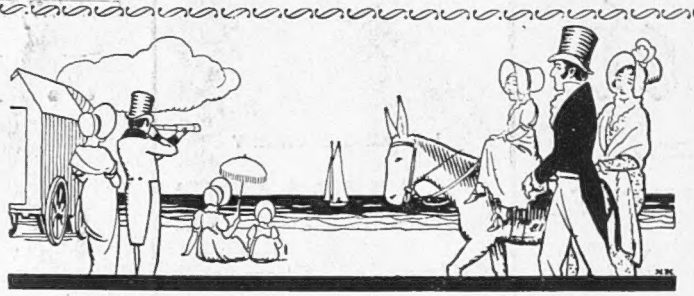

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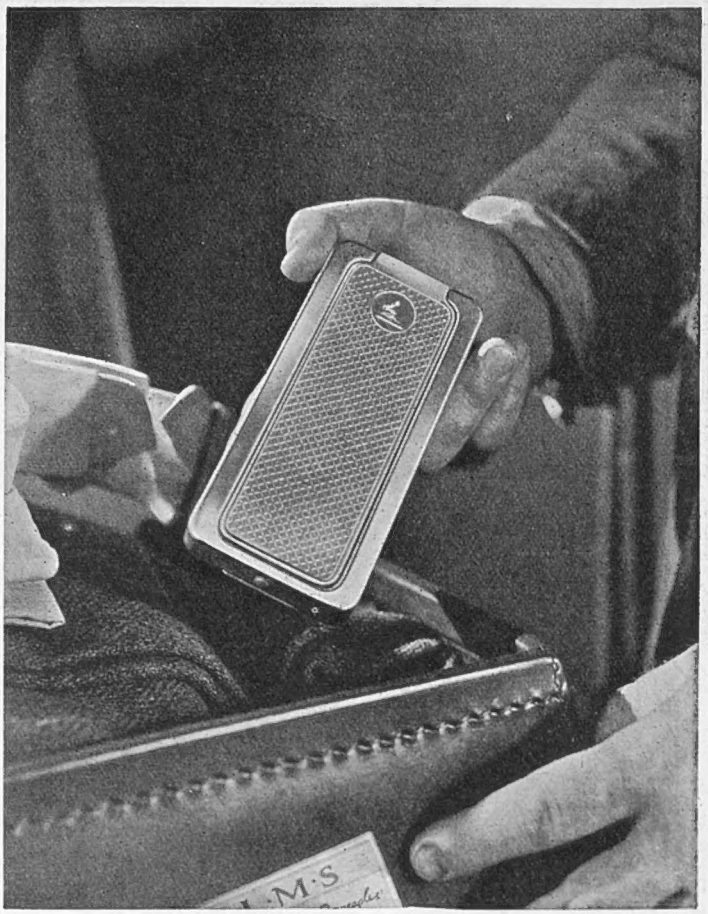

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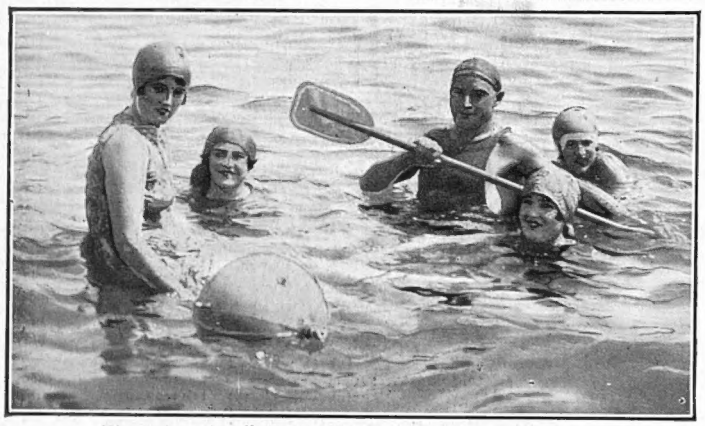
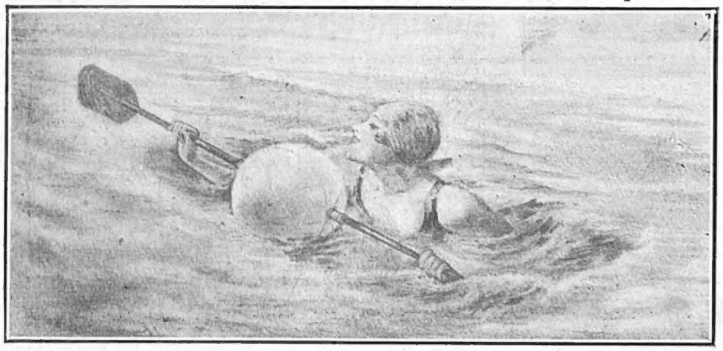


The "Aquaplane" Bubble Boat easily supports five persons.

The BUBBLE OAR— *The Latest Craze in Water Sports*



The Bubble Oar is a double-ended canoe paddle having a large, strong inflatable float in the centre. It cannot sink and will easily support two bathers. With a Bubble Oar a non-swimmer can move swiftly and easily in deep water with perfect safety. Price **27/6**

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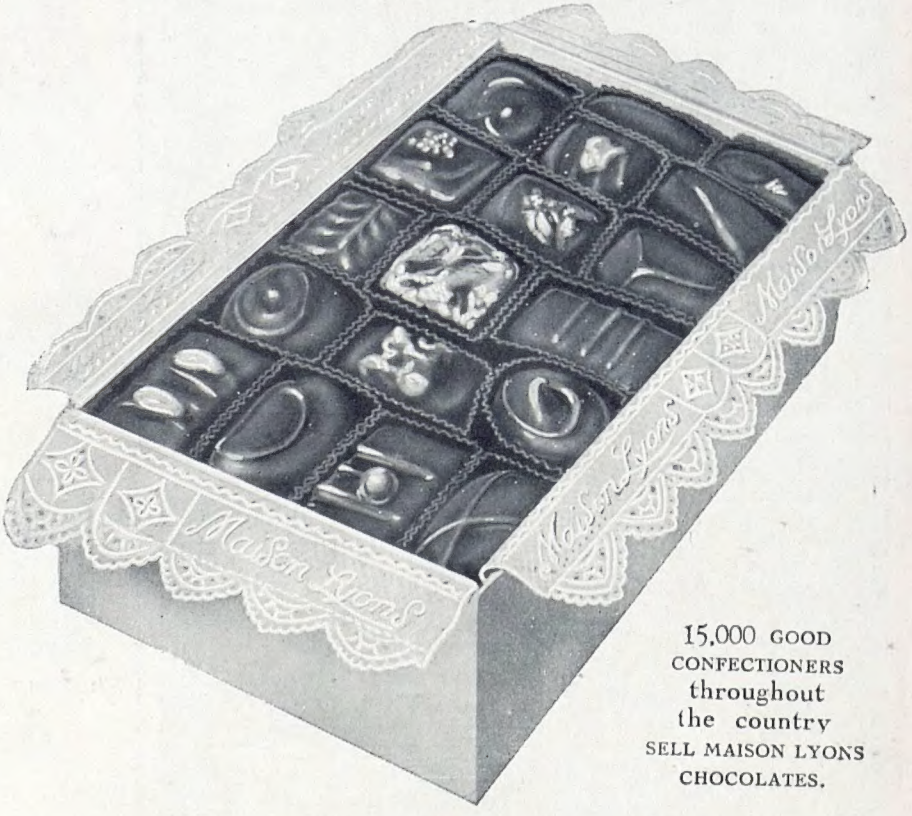

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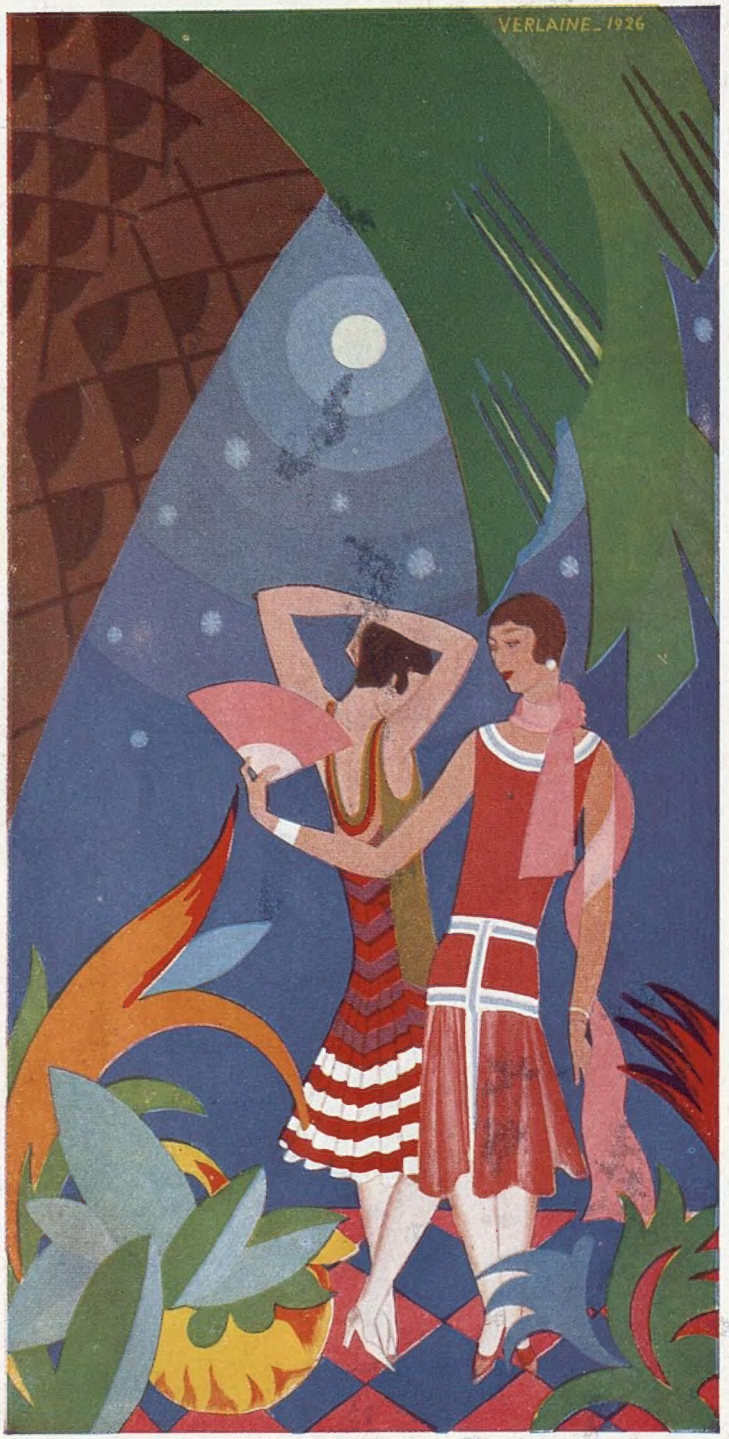
The Bystander, July 28, 1926 No. 1180. Vol. XCI.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

"THE GIFT"



Sirocco Nights

WHEN NIGHT'S BLACK blanket descends at the close of a brazen day, you find yourself longing for the dew-laden breath of a morning in Spring. But you cannot have it to order; you cannot make a trap to catch a dream.

It is fortunate that there is a worthy substitute. Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne recaptures the exhilaration of a Spring morning. It banishes Summer headache, soothes the jaded nerves.

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THE SUPERIORITY of Atkinsons is the superiority of the essences it contains—the choicest extracts of Neroli, Bergamot and Rosemary carefully matured to come to you in the fullness of their charm. The very soul of Spring lives within each drop of Atkinsons.

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ATKINSONS

"GOLD MEDAL"

Eau-de-Cologne

S.H.B.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Last Lap

WE are starting on the last thrilling lap of the race for the Ashes, and out of the strange series of surprises and disappointment emerges the one satisfactory point that the issue will be still in doubt when the teams take the field at the Oval on the 14th of next month. It would have been a great disappointment if the last match had been in the nature of an anti-climax.

We Have Learned Our Lesson

THIS series of test games has taught us a great deal, and it is to be hoped that we have learned our lesson. One thing is certain: No Australian team will again take the trouble to spend a summer in England under existing conditions. The three-day test match, as it stands, is a farce. I am writing this without knowing what happened at Manchester. The result of one particular match doesn't alter the facts of this case.

Three Great Festivals

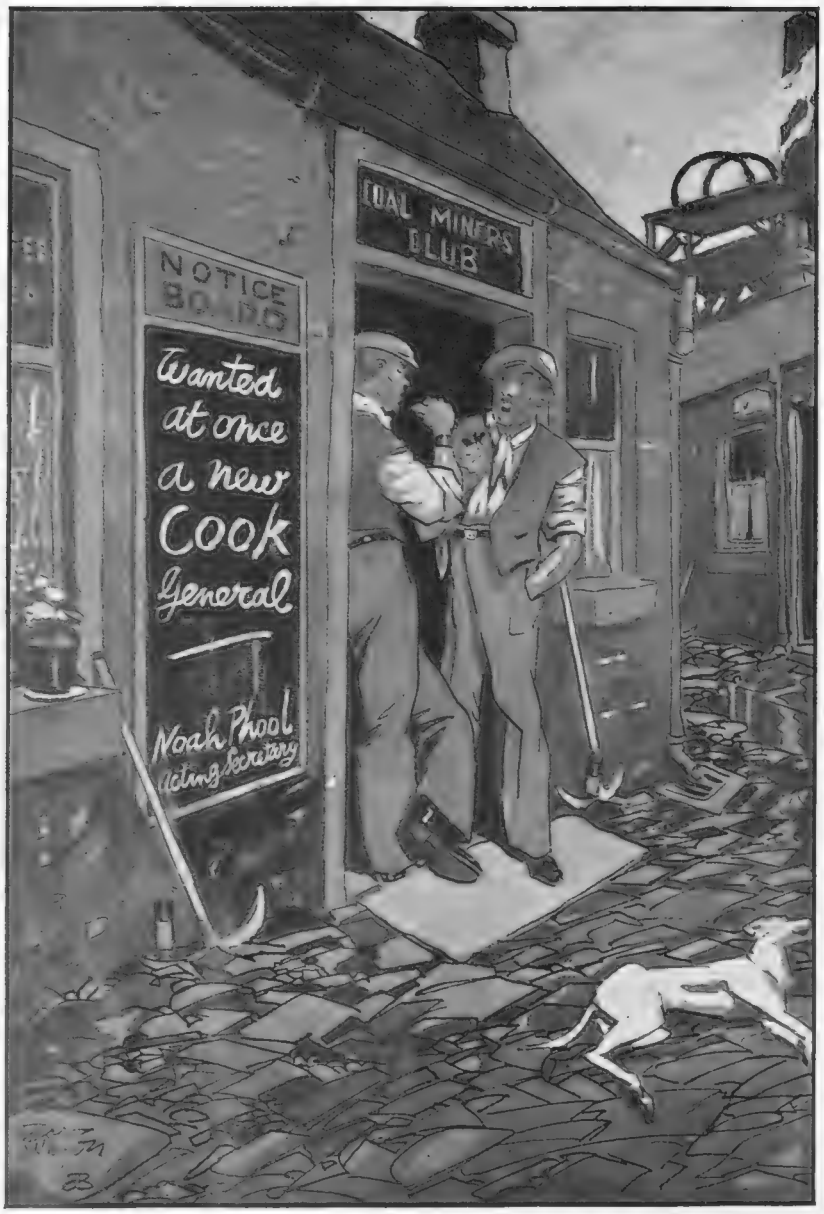
BUT what *are* we to do? An old member of the Surrey C.C. suggested to me that there should be three Test matches instead of five, and that these should be played to a finish. This would give one match for Lord's, one for the Oval, and one for the North. He suggested, further, that seats should only be reserved for the first three days, and that if the game lasted longer than that the public should be admitted to the ground and to the stands in the ordinary way. We should thus get three great cricket festivals instead of a series of inconclusive and irritating games.

The Implied Condition

THE idea is a good one, but Percy Fender, writing in the *Sunday Times*, has put his finger on the weak spot of an extension of time. There is a danger that batsmen will become still less enterprising, and that games will become slower than ever. "The period of three days is amply sufficient for a result if both sides realise that it is an implied condition of the game that they are to obtain a result in that period." It is the abuse of that "implied condition" that is strangling cricket.

Play the Game!

IN other words, our batsmen are not playing the game. Modern batting isn't "cricket." This is an age of slogans, and the deadliest, dullest slogan of all is "Safety First." Everybody tries to play for safety, and to be wise after the event. Consider the treat-



By David Wilson

A LONG-FELT WANT

ment meted out to Arthur Carr after the third Test match, because his bold experiment of sending the Australians in first didn't happen to come off. As Leveson-Gower said: "You have to have a mind of your own to do what Carr did. It is obvious he has; and that is an important characteristic in a captain."

A Curious Phenomenon

After cricket and the fall of the franc, we are still chiefly concerned with the alleged preference of gentlemen for blondes. It comes out in correspondence that a smaller proportion of blondes get married, and the letter-writers have been busy explaining this curious phenomenon. "Fair women are colder," says one. "Fair women are in no hurry to take decisive steps and their mistakes are comparatively few." Possibly; but what about the mistakes made by the men who marry the blondes?

What a Farce?

The official mind is a truly wonderful thing. Because a few concrete houses have been built in the North of England they are already talking of repealing the Rent Acts on the ground that by the end of next year the housing difficulty will be at an end, and all necessity for restrictive legislation will have passed. Yet, officialdom has "no present intention" of repealing the farcical restrictions under the Shops (Early Closing) Act which provide among other things that a shopkeeper shall be fined if he is so lost to shame as to sell an ice-cream after 9.30 p.m.!

Darling Dora

Let us remind ourselves, in this connection, of one or two things that we may not do after eight o'clock at night:

Buy a banana, a damson, or a walnut.

Buy pigs' trotters, unless they have been first warmed by the pork butcher.

Buy a cigar at a railway station, unless you buy a meal to go with it.

Buy a book or a magazine.

Talking Without Tears

It has been said that broadcasting will contribute more than anything else towards the standardisation of English pronunciation, and if the efforts now being made in this direction meet with success, the B.B.C. will have earned our lasting gratitude. How pleasant it will be for Londoners to converse with magnates of the great industrial north in a language that both can understand. Fancy going to Glasgow without a glossary!

Debatable Words

There are, of course, a number of debatable words upon which it would be helpful if we could obtain a definite ruling, and I am all in favour of the committee of experts set up by the B.B.C. for the guidance of their announcers. We may not have a great regard for their weather forecasts, but there is no reason why they should not give us a strong lead in this matter of pronunciation. Myself, I have always referred to the "a-coo-stics" of the Albert Hall, but I have always felt the need of a little moral support when so doing. I have been challenged as to the word "oblig-a-tory," but henceforth I shall feel that I am on firm ground.

An Acute Problem

But a more acute problem arises in connection with the approach of trans-Atlantic wireless telephony as a commercial proposition. What committee of experts could reconcile the talk of Manchester with the talk of Manhattan? How will Wimbledon converse with Washington, or Chelsea with Chicago? Will it be a case of "English as American is spoke," or will Uncle Sam acquire that Oxford manner to which our West End actors have already accustomed him? I cannot answer these queries. You must consult the committee of experts, which includes Mr. G. B Shaw, Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, and our own Poet Laureate.

The A.A.s Have It

I have never been able to appreciate the action of the police in accusing A.A. road scouts of obstructing them in their duty, and the dismissal of a recent summons has cleared the air very satisfactorily. There are many excellent ways in which the amenities of travel may be preserved, but the police trap is not one of them. The conscience of the public has been opposed to police traps from the very start. It is a nasty, underhand, sneaking method, and I do not wonder that it is sinking into the obloquy that it deserves. In other words, the AAs have it.

Really Quite Refreshing

BY E. T. REED

PARIS JOURNALIST: "Mon Dieu! To make the France to pay her debts is dis-graceful! It iss an appalling and intolerable iniquity! Ve vill nevaire forgeeve you, ne-vaire! It iss a *crime!—VE VILL REPAY!*"
BRITISH TAXPAYER: "Good for you, my boy. Now *you're talking!* Best thing you've said for years!"

THE PRINCE IN "THE ISLAND" *Topical*

The Prince of Wales landing on the Pier at Ryde when he made a comprehensive tour of the Isle of Wight last week. With him are Major-General J. E. B. Seely, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, Sir Godfrey Thomas and Major the Hon. Piers Legh

I.B.

A FACTORY VISIT

The King and Queen photographed during their recent visit to the piano factory of Messrs. John Broadwood and Son. Her Majesty was presented with an inkstand in the form of a miniature piano

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The End

IF you went to sleep for a year and woke up to hear the lavender-sellers calling in the street, you would know that the Season was close upon its ending. Just now the lavender-sellers are busy everywhere, and by the time you read this the majority of the world that dines, dances, and makes generally merry from the beginning of May to the beginning of the last week in July will be on the wing somewhere. The fashion for lingering on in London during August does not seem to be quite so popular as it used to be two or three years ago, and Goodwood once more is beginning to mean a total disappearance of the *monde qui s'amuse*.

Of recent years one quite unexpected locality has been added to the pleasure haunts of August. This is the Riviera. It is surprising the number of people who go there nowadays for their summer holiday. The bathing is excellent, and, as on the Lido, you can live in your bathing suit all day long—and at a fraction of the expense. The Lido seems to get more and more expensive every year, and, if the present rate of progression continues, will one day be only possible for the multi-multis and others who are uncomfortably rich.

News Illustrations

AT A NORTHERN SHOW

Princess Mary leaving the flower section of the Yorkshire Agricultural and Hound Show at Harrogate

"Characteristically Dressed"

NOW that people are beginning to compare notes as to the has-beens of the Season, what has happened, and what has not occurred, you hear it remarked on all sides how well and how regal the Queen has been looking.

Myself, I have always thought that the Queen's quiet insistence in the style of dressing which suits her so admirably, instead of following the fashion, was the wisest of the many wise things Her Majesty has done. No other style of dressing would permit the use of the magnificent fabrics of which so many of the Queen's dresses are made, and which enhance the dignity of her carriage.

And yet, because the Queen did not slavishly follow the fashions we left it to the Parisians and the Romans to point out to us how exceptionally well-dressed she always is: and, what is more, how characteristically dressed. At a time when it seems to be the eager object of every woman, young or old, to be an exact replica in dress and figure of every other woman, there are very few women in England besides the Queen to whom the term "characteristically dressed," can be applied.

You will have noticed that this Season the King and Queen have not dined, as they usually do, at any of the

great houses. The reason is that they are still in personal mourning for Queen Alexandra.

A Loss to Nottinghamshire

THE late Earl Manvers, like the Marquis of Lansdowne, was one of the few English peers who speak French perfectly and without the least trace of an English accent. This he owed to his mother, a daughter of the French ducal house of Coigny.

Lord Manvers's death will be a great loss to Nottinghamshire. For many years he was Master of the Rufford, and during that time did much to increase the number of foxes in the Rufford country and decrease the amount of wire. He also hunted with the Quorn and the South Notts. His coverts, too, at Thoresby were famous for the care with which they were stocked with birds, and he had an enviable reputation as a landlord. In addition to his hunting and shooting interests, Lord Manvers took an active part in all local and county affairs.

The Manvers town house in Tilney Street, where he died, was the last London abode of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the wife of George IV, who could never be publicly acknowledged for two reasons. One because she was a Roman Catholic, and marriage between the heir to the throne and a member of that faith is contrary to the law of England; and the other because the marriage had taken place without George III's consent, and was therefore doubly illegal under the Royal Marriages Act.

You will remember that when George IV's legal wife, Queen Caroline, was

REGATTA TIME *News Illus.*

Sir William Portal (left) and the Earl of Normanton photographed at Cowes. Society is massing in the Isle of Wight for the great sporting event of the year, Cowes Regatta

British Illus.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE—AT COWES

A photograph taken on board the yacht "Mairi" at Cowes. The group shows Mr. George Tyrell, Lord Waverlree, Lord Birkenhead, Mr. and Mrs. Redmond McGrath, while seated at the back are Lady Pamela Smith and Miss Houston Boswell

News Illus.

IN THE SUNSHINE

Cowes Regatta is a magnet that never fails to draw Society to the Island each summer. Above are seen Lady Ormonde and Mrs. Hickman-Morgan enjoying a spell of sunshine in the streets of Cowes

British Illus.

ROYALTY AT A HOUSE PARTY

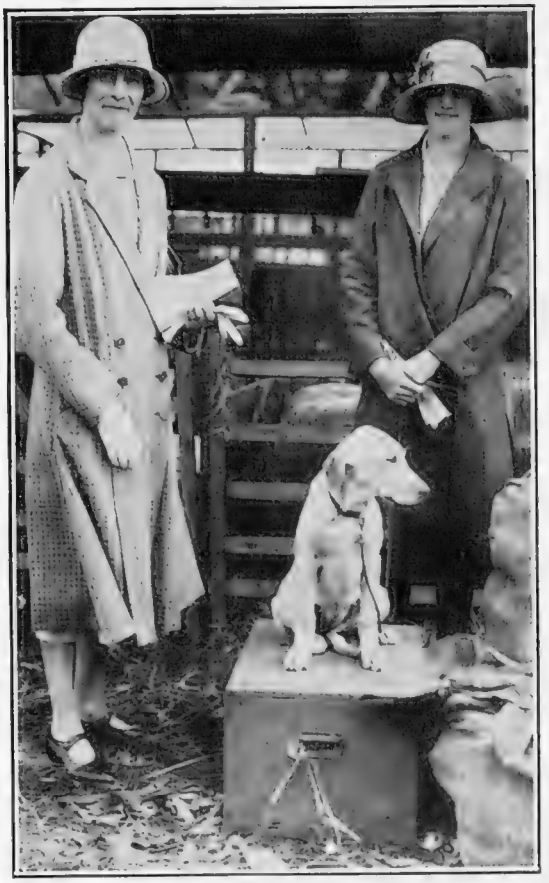
The King and Queen of Greece were members of a house party given by Lt.-Colonel T. E. Stanfield, at South Mead, Wimbledon. The group includes the King and Queen of Greece, Colonel and Mrs. Stanfield, the Marquis and Marchioness of Winchester, Sir Pitcairn and Lady Campbell, Lady Mond, Prince and Princess Chavadze, Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Guy Pell, Mr. Nichalls, Lady Kilpatrick and Mrs. Crauford

British Illus.

MRS. EGERTON AND LADY IRENE PRATT

Alfieri

THE HON. SYLVIA PORTMAN



Alfieri

LADY GUILFORD AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY CYNTHIA NORTH

A CAMERA TRIO FROM TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Some of those who were present at the Tunbridge Wells and South-Eastern Counties Agricultural Society's Show. There was a good attendance

accused of adultery in the "Delicate Investigation"—one of the most astounding procedures ever set on foot by a sovereign—she answered, "I have never committed adultery except with Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband."

Mrs. Fitzherbert was a lovely woman, and a portrait of her at the height of her beauty used to hang in the dining-room of her old home in Tilney Street.

A Bigamous Duchess

ANOTHER famous—or rather in this case notorious—woman was closely connected with the Manvers fortunes. This was Elizabeth Chudleigh, one time maid of honour to Queen Charlotte, and later Duchess of Kingston. Her husband was the last Duke, and when he died Thoresby and his Nottinghamshire estates went to his sister's son, Charles Medows, who changed that surname for the Kingston ducal one of Pierrepont. He was the first Earl Manvers.

The Duchess of Kingston committed bigamy when she married the duke, having been secretly wed years before to a naval lieutenant called Hervey, who afterwards became Earl of Bristol. She was tried before the House of Lords—one of the *causes célèbres* of the eighteenth century—found guilty, and ordered to be branded on the hand. This she avoided by pleading privilege of peerage, although, as a matter of fact, she was not a peeress, as her marriage to the Duke of Kingston was bigamous. Then she escaped out of the country, and for the rest of her life lived a vagabond life on the Continent, squandering the large fortune left her by the duke. The account of her trial is one of the most interesting and vivid things in Horace Walpole's "Letters." If you have a dull day in the holidays read it.

Matters in France

"THE latest advices from Paris," as they used to say in the troubled times of the Revolution, suggest that anything may happen. A friend of mine who lives there tells me that what strikes him most in the situation is the frequency with which the possibilities of a constitutional monarchy are discussed. He says that French people he knows well and whose sympathies are wholly Republican are constantly raising the question. The repeated political crises are filling the best and most serious-minded elements in the country with fear for the future. This applies more particularly to the commercial classes, whose very existence is being threatened by the confusion into which the money

Navana

MISS BETTY CULLEN

Who is to marry Mr. Francis Donovan, L.D.S., R.C.S., the dental surgeon to the Royal Family. She is the daughter of Dr. W. Cullen, LL.D., the well-known South African chemist

Lewis

A RECENT BRIDE

Mrs. John Bucklan, whose marriage took place at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, last Saturday, July 24. She is the youngest daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Mond

market is thrown by the kaleidoscopic changes of Government.

The situation would appear to me, judging from what my friend tells me, very similar to that in Rome when Mussolini assumed the Dictatorship. There are many people in France who look for a French Mussolini to seize the reins and guide the politicians in the way they should go. But so far "Il Duce" would seem to have no counterpart in France.

Italy was brought to the verge of a precipice by the blind struggle of political factions for temporary and fleeting Parliamentary advantage, a struggle which bred intrigue, counter-intrigue, and yet again intrigue. Meanwhile, the vital affairs of the country came to a standstill. And this is, virtually, what has happened in Paris.

I gather that out of this petty factional war, with its consequent damage to the financial credit of France, a feeling is growing that if the head of the French nation were outside the sphere of politics, political crises would not have the same shattering effect upon the spirit of the people. The President of the French Republic takes no sides in politics, but he is

Sport & General

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE AND MAJOR STIRLING

invariably a politician, and placed in office by the majority votes of his own party. Consequently, in the eyes of the people, he does not possess the absolute separation of a constitutional monarch from all political questions.

Will It Be So?

All these things are leading many French people to wonder whether a monarchy would not have a stabilising and uplifting effect. If such a change should come in the Government of France the Duke de Guise, it is thought, would be summoned from Belgium, whither he went when his recent succession to the Pretendership to the throne of France after the death of the Duke d'Orléans drove him into exile. The Duchess of Guise, a sister of the Duke d'Orléans, and therefore her husband's cousin, is one of the cleverest and most brilliant princesses in Europe.

My friend says France has never been so near a monarchy since the creation of the Third Republic fifty-six years ago, except for the brief moment when General Boulanger had the ball at his feet and refused to pick it up for fear of being shot if he failed.

Sport and General

MISS NORTHEY, LADY BEAUMONT AND SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT

A "RACING DAY" AT LEICESTER

Some of those who attended the Leicester Summer Meeting this year. The sun proved a firm favourite

Sport and General

LADY ELTHAM AND COLONEL HANBURY

"Tired Children" of the Stage

Lady Tree made one of the most charming and touching speeches I have heard for a long time at the opening by the Princess Royal of Denville Hall at Northwood, in Middlesex, which, as she described it, is to be a haven of rest for "tired children" of the stage.

The house has been founded by Mr. Alfred Denville, the actor-manager, with the support of many stage folk, in order that some forty or fifty actors and actresses may spend their closing years there free from all cares

British Illus.

MISS LEXEY WILSON (left), MISS DARLING, CAPT. HIGGINS, MRS. SOAMES, MISS ROY, AND MR. JACK SOAMES

L.N.A.

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Mr. Philip Forwood and his bride, Miss Barbara Richards, leaving St. Michael's, Chester Square, after their wedding. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. Lewis Richards and Mrs. Richards, of Sloane Gardens

and troubles, when their work on the stage is ended.

Although the formal opening took place last week, there are already twenty-one retired members of the stage living there, and amongst them two married couples. In one of the rooms a stage has been built, and here, once a month, the dwellers in the house, if they care to, can indulge in their old art.

Lady Tree spoke of actors and actresses as "us little people," adding, "I can say 'little people' because one and all of us stage folk, whether distinguished or unnoticed, whether young or old, in work or out of work, are always children. I don't say we are Peter Pan-like; on the contrary, we grow up and wither away—but not nearly so quickly as ordinary folk. From the cradle to the grave we are children. . . . Some of us, tired children, have found a haven of rest here—tired children with memories. Some of them have had their triumphs, their applause, their public to worship them as stage stars; others have had mingled with the wine of success the bitter waters of disappointment; others, again, have never had a chance, or, if they had a chance, missed it. Let us weep for those who never sang but died with their music in them."

A Golden Wedding

THE EARL OF DESART, who has just celebrated his golden wedding, was Director of Public Prosecutions for fourteen years, the first time, I believe, that position has ever been occupied by a Peer. Lord Desart started life in the Navy, but his bent was the Law, as was proved by the success of his long career in a variety of judicial appointments. Lady Desart is a sister of Lord Harewood, and therefore aunt by marriage to Princess Mary. One of their daughters, Lady Joan Lloyd-Verney, is a Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen, and the second, Lady Sybil Scott, owns the beautiful Villa Medici at Florence, where Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles spent their honeymoon.

Fox

A TANK CORPS WEDDING

Captain Quin Smith, of the Royal Tank Corps, and his bride, Miss D. Agar, photographed after their wedding last week. They were married at Christ Church, Mayfair

The Old Colony Club

YOUR Bystander recently attended an inaugural luncheon of the new branch of the Old Colony Club at 79, Fore Street, Moorgate, E.C.2. Sir Walter Townley was in the chair, and

Alfieri

THE BRIDAL ARCH

Lieutenant Lionel Deyton Skipworth, R.N., H.M.S. "Royal Sovereign," and his bride Miss Thelma Forrester, leaving the Savoy Chapel after their wedding last week. The bride is the daughter of Surgeon Captain Forrester, R.N.

Sir Robert Horne gave an amusing address that proved the fallacy of the statement that a "Scotsman possesses no sense of humour." He was followed by Mr. J. T. Horne, one of the pioneers of the Club, and Sir Harry Brittain. The Old Colony Club, which originally sprang up in America, is rapidly forming branches throughout the Eastern hemisphere, and its chief centres are in London, Paris, New York, and Berlin. The Earl of Derby is chairman of the Old Colony International Advisory Council, and this chain of business clubs now has a proximate membership of 20,000, which a director told me he soon hopes to double. The Old Colony Club is an international organisation which goes far to increase that good fellowship in business which is now so desirable.

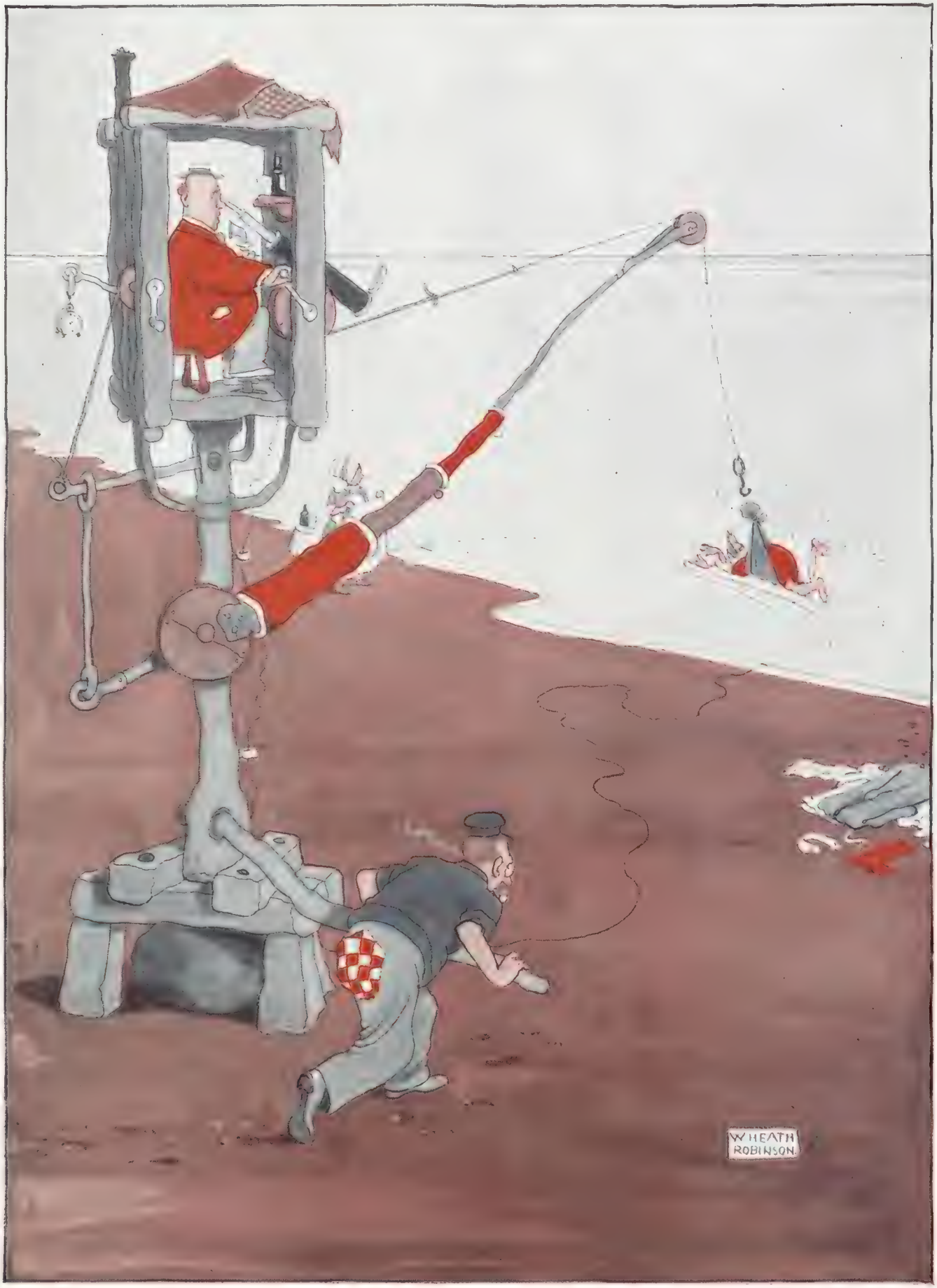
From Our Portrait Gallery

Bertram Park

THE MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD

Who married the Duke of Portland's heir, Lord Titchfield, in 1915. The daughter of the late Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, she was formerly a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra

Lessons by Post



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The new Heath Robinson Swimming Post, which is acquiring such popularity at our most fashionable coast resorts

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A Labour paper laments the fact that the coal crisis has evoked no stirring verse. Surely there is a sufficiency of minor poets.

. . . . . .

What They Tell You.

I was as thin as a rake when I was your age.

. . . . . .

I don't care for whisky, but my doctor says it's good for my digestion.

. . . . . .

No, I never get more than five hours' sleep.

. . . . . .

Of course, I've had many proposals, but men never attracted me.

. . . . . .

A trade journal says that paint in any form is an excellent preservative. That may account for the great age to which so many women attain.

. . . . . .

There was a young lady of Gloucester,
Whose parents believed they had
loucester;
But she turned up at last
For the evening repast,
When her mother soon put it acrouster.

. . . . . .

A correspondent wants to know why gorgonzola is such a popular cheese. Perhaps the reason is that we needs must love the highest when we see it.

. . . . . .

A London chef has just published a small volume of essays in praise of food. We wonder what was the sauce of his inspiration.

. . . . . .

These Soviet gentlemen are queer people. They are now arguing as to who should have the credit for putting the beer in Siberia.

. . . . . .

Last week in his report of a boxing contest a journalist wrote that the victor "won on pints." He might just as well have said that he won in a decanter.

. . . . . .

Why shouldn't a man have more than one wife if he can afford it? asks a writer in the Press. Because it was long ago laid down that no man can serve two masters.

. . . . . .

An American paper says that the entire clergy are in favour of the existing liquor restrictions. The prohibishops, of course, would be.

. . . . . .

The mine owners must reconcile themselves to the fact that their profits will increasingly diminish, states an economist. That's coaled comfort.

. . . . . .

Mr. Cook says he has thrown his hat into the ring. He has also been passing it round.

. . . . . .

"They ought to introduce prohibition into the money market."

"What on earth for?"

"To stop it from getting so tight!"

. . . . . .

Answer to Correspondent:—We cannot trace the authorship of "Rocked in the cradle of the dupe;" and certainly Burns never wrote "Till a' the seas gangrene."

Disillusion.

Here as I lie with golden sands
before me,
Beside what poets call the
"azure main,"
I feel the bliss of perfect peace
come o'er me—
Confound it! There's
"Valencia" again!

Far from the madding crowd of stock
exchanges,
Where "bulls" and "bears" devour
the prey they rook,
My ardent soul poetically ranges—
No, I refuse to have my photo
"took"!

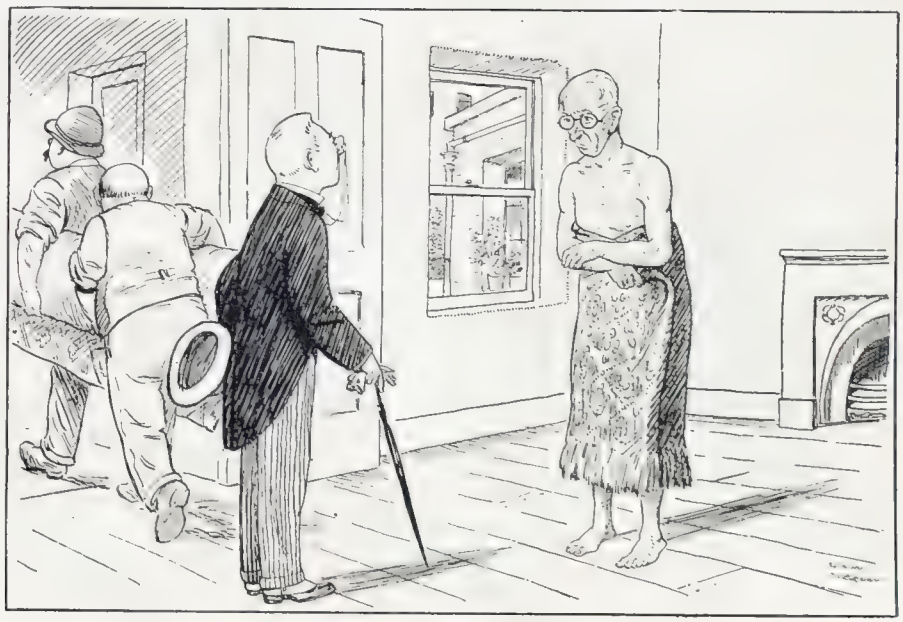
Bound by no cheap financial horizon,
On wings of Fancy forth my spirit
goes;
And higher things I'll keep my steadfast
eyes on—
That's twice that ball has hit me on
the nose!

Here will I make a deathless reputation,
And pour my thoughts out in immortal
verse;
And "Youth" shall be my lyric inspiration—
Where is that wretched little blighter's
nurse?

Already doth my theme divinely charm
me;
My fountain-pen! Quick! while I'm
in the vein—
Jehoshaphat! here's the Salvation
Army!
That's torn it! Taxi! Catch the
London train!

. . . . . .

A correspondent wants to know why thirteen is an unlucky number. Any criminal who has faced a judge and twelve jurymen could tell him!



By Edwin Morrow

A "TAKING" MANNER

Income Tax Man: "Anyway, Mr. Brown, it must be a great load off your mind to know that you won't be bothered again until next year!"

Other People's Pleasures

GOING AWAY

By DELL LEIGH

It is very nice when you have arrived, because heated differences of family opinion on the subject of the chosen place become merged usually into a common appreciation of the sea and the air, and the jolly people round and about. But the poignancy of planning the venue of the holiday; the dramas of departure; the acute sense of vital things left behind; the disappointment that invariably comes with one's first sight of a new place, form the bathos of most people's holidays; only to be equalled by that fearful feeling of emptiness when the hot train steams again into the home terminus at the holiday's end.

There are two distinct mentalities of people who take an annual holiday. Those who plan prudently, long in advance; and those who leave things blithely until the beginning of July and are then pained and surprised to find that they "can't get in anywhere." I am of the former variety. And this is what happens. I say, on the 27th August, 1925, earnestly to the hotel manageress of my favourite *cache* in Scotland (indeed a hiding-place in the wilds of the Highlands, and therefore ideal), "Now remember, Miss Filbert, I want my room, No. 35, for the same period next year." And she says, "That is *quite* all right, Mr. Leigh; you shall have it." Then on the 15th April, 1926, I write to the *cache* telling them to expect me, "as arranged last year," on the 31st July. To which I receive a reply from some fellow signing himself "Resident Manager"—a new man whom I have never seen—saying, "We regret we have no note of your booking and all I can offer you is a small room in the Annexe from the 1st to the 12th. After which we shall have to move you into the Bachelors' Quarters until the 15th. I am afraid we have no accommodation after the 15th at the moment. Should, however, there be any cancellations you may rest assured . . ." If there is one thing I loathe above all other hotel horrors it is having my gear moved out of a good room into a worse, and a worse into an unspeakable. However, Scotland stands just where she did, in these matters anyway; and I suppose a Londoner ought to consider himself blessed by the gods in being allowed inside the delectable country at all during August.

I know a man who strolls into Paddington Station with his bag on Friday, July 30, and says carelessly to a porter, "Er, Porter, when is the next train to Penzance?" If I had to live and move about with a man like him there would be murder committed. But have you noticed how all these *laissez-faire* people invariably say they "never had the slightest difficulty, m'boy"? They affirm—and I am never in any shape to contradict them, not being there, thank you—that everything "panned out" splendidly. The old gentleman in the third smoker corner seat feels faint: decides to go by a later train: waves to our (lying) friend on the platform, and offers him his reserved seat. The hotel manager at Slocumbe-Super-Surf says he has been booked "right up" for months past, but has a telegram in his hand cancelling a single room, with bath, on the first floor, facing sea, and is most obliging about it. He finds that the waiter at his table in the dining room was his old batman in the "Standbacks" during 1917-18—"so, of course, *that* was O.K. as regards the food." In fact, they go nonchalantly through life getting everything their own way with a minimum of trouble to themselves. Or so they would have us believe.

And the packing of the kitbag the night before—phew! A blazing hot night—and eight letters and an article to be written before turning in. My dressing room is so small that when the immense kitbag is gaping open on the floor, between the bed and the thing people call "the wardrobe," none of the latter's drawers will open more than three inches, and the increasing weight of the bag has to be heaved hither and thither. When the deep chasm is three parts full with one quarter of what you simply *must* take, begins the awful mental stocktaking of things forgotten. . . . "Did I put in the crêpe-soled golf shoes? Did I? Can't see the damned things anywhere, so I suppose I must have. . . . Hankies? Yes. Spare pair of braces? Yes. Evening studs? Yes. Dinner jacket waistcoat? Yes—*No!* by Jove. Thank God I remembered *that*. . . . Awful thought. Shaving tackle? Y-e-s. Soap? Yes—don't be silly. . . Let's see: did I say hankies? Yes. But not any *white* ones. Great Scot! Bandanas at night; how frightful! . . ." And so it goes on. And you wake up in a bath of nervous perspiration mumbling "Nail scissors : . . fountain pen filled . . ." at intervals until the tea comes in at 7.30.

But most of these trials are worth that magnetic moment when the taciturn gentleman on the other side of the hole in the booking-office slaps down the little bit of pasteboard and your change (not much) on the grooved woodwork and mumbles something about "baggage insurance." There is only one thing left to do then—buy a paper.

You know which one evidently—since you are reading this.

Photopress

"COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS"

The call of the sun and the sea is in the pose of these two "sea nymphs." They are two of the pupils of Miss Gene Campbell, who perform their dances on the sands at Exmouth

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THREE club cricket matches ended in ties last week in Nottinghamshire. Bowlers in that part seem to have acquired the knack of tying the batsmen in Notts.

"Valencia"

G. Mannell

AUDREY CARLYON

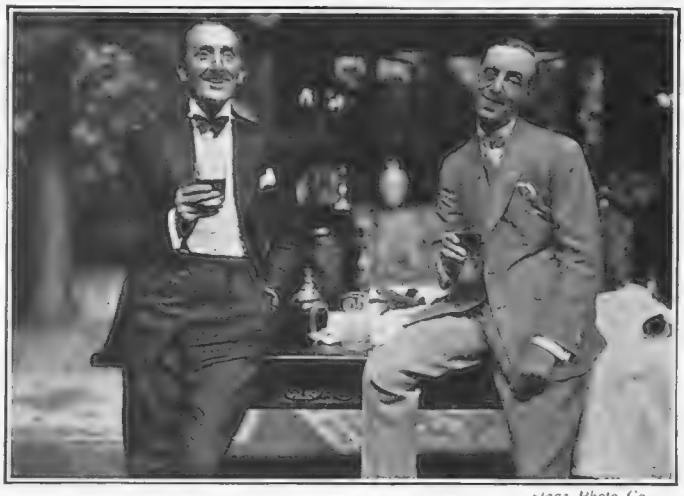
As she appears in "Valencia"—a name which may be known to our more erudite readers—in the "Midnight Follies" show at the Hotel Metropole. It has now become apparent that Spain has a lot to answer for, musically speaking, but the beauty of the "Valencia" number at the Metropole more than atones for any slight shock experienced on hearing this tune once again

Produced June 30, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is another of the successful farces promoted by Mr. Tom Walls, with Mr. Ralph Lynn in his familiar and diverting part of the Cheerful Idiot. *Rookery Nook* is the name of a house by the sea which has been lent to Gerald Popkiss and his wife for the holiday season. Mr. Popkiss, whose name would appear to suggest precipitancy in oscillation, is really not that kind of person at all. On the other hand, his cousin Clive, who looks in to see that he is settling down all right after his arrival, is lamenting the fact that there doesn't seem to be, in that out-of-the-way place, a girl who is worth chasing. Gerald Popkiss, on the other hand, has been married six weeks, and is the exemplary young husband in every way. This much must be clearly premised, because of the embarrassing adventure that comes to him entirely unsought.



Stage Photo Co.

TENDER MEMORIES

Clive Popkiss (Tom Walls) and the newly married Gerald Popkiss (Ralph Lynn) sentimentalise over the days that are no more

THUS, Gerald has just unpacked his bag, and dismissed his charlady who is to administer to his wants by day, when a bright and innocent young girl named Rhoda Marley, clad only in her pyjamas, comes tripping into the hall of the house at eleven o'clock at night with the announcement that she has practically no home to go to. The question is, under the circumstances, what would a gentleman do? And the answer is, of course, in the negative. Rhoda explains with sweet simplicity that her stepfather is a Prussian gentleman—I mean, a Prussian — with the severe ideas of domestic discipline that Mr. William Hohenzollern once laid down for the limitation of feminine activity —*Küche, Kinder,* and *Kirche.* Rhoda (daintily represented by Miss Winifred Shotter), having committed a slight act of disobedience, was bundled out of the house neck and crop in her nightwear. Her first trouble is that she has got her feet and the ankle parts of her pyjamas wet in running through the long grass to "Rookery Nook." As to her feet, these she promptly and unceremoniously dries on the bath-gown that Mr. Popkiss has just unpacked from his trunks. As to the rest, she borrows the corresponding section of Mr. Popkiss's pyjamas, and gratefully retires for the night to the room placed at her disposal. While she is on the stairs, bidding her host a respectful good-night, cousin Clive looks in again and exclaims "What ho!" or words to that effect. Gerald Popkiss protests that while he is acting only out of kindness the world will doubtless put the worst complexion on his action. The answer comes that that is because, under the circumstances, the worst is usually the most probable.

THEN we wake up. That is to say, the second act opens on the following morning, and the usual complications peculiar to plays of this sort step forward and bow. The first person to be shocked is the motherly old charlady, who, coming into the house and seeing a young girl on the landing in her nightwear calling for Mr. Popkiss, at once concludes that such a house is no place for her. So she puts her hat on again and goes to fetch Mrs. Twine, Gerald's sister-in-law, and the village scandalmonger. Meanwhile cousin Clive, who is not the man to miss any chances, pays his cousin an early call, and is rewarded by an agreeable interview with the fair Rhoda. The first thing to be done is, of course, to procure from Rhoda's irate stepfather a sufficient feminine outfit. Gerald Popkiss at once volunteers for the errand, but, being headed off by a fierce dog, returns empty-handed.

COUSIN Clive and Gerald then decide between them that an outfit must at once be bought for Rhoda, and the three of them hold a sort of council of war on the subject of clothes, a theme which, it is

clear from their remarks, Mr. Carlyle has by no means exhausted. Rhoda is invited to tell the young men in confidence just what will be necessary for her complete toilet, and the goods shall be procured for her at once. Rhoda naturally finds the situation a little embarrassing, though, what with the advertisements in the papers nowadays, and the picturesque circulars announcing summer sales, there is not much that we do not know about that sort of thing, and we can guess the rest, anyhow. In Charles Dickens's day it was held to be foolish to hesitate about mentioning petticoats "because we know they wear them." To-day, however, we know they don't; but that, after all, is merely emphasising the obvious.

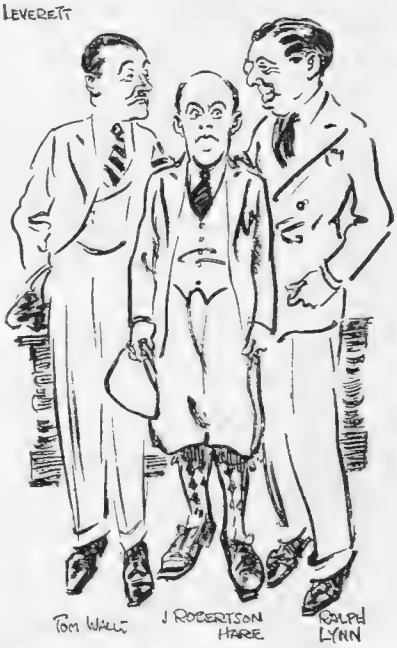
WHILE the men are out buying the essentials, Rhoda is left alone, and as she paces the hall impatiently Miss Poppy Dickey, an enterprising young lady of the village, calls to say it is Lifeboat Day, and can she sell anybody a flag? Poppy has evidently been selected as a flag-seller because of her persuasive way with the young men. Indeed, if it had been her lot to have drifted into the premises the night before, we get a distinct impression from her remarks and general bearing that events would have taken a clear turn for the worse. Rhoda explains her predicament to Poppy, who generously lends her the skirt she is wearing so that Rhoda can run home and fetch her own "things." This gives the plot a sort of extra turn, as it were, which adds to the uproarious merriment of the occasion.

RHODA has gone and Poppy is discreetly hidden in the spare bedroom when Mrs. Twine, the scandal-monger before mentioned, comes dashing into the house bringing the two young men with her, while she breathlessly accuses Gerald of harbouring undesirable females in the house during his poor wife's absence from home. Both the young men, however, insist that Gerald's guest is just a quiet, modest little girl, as Mrs. Twine shall see for herself. Whereupon Gerald claps his hands, and calls to the young lady upstairs to step out and show herself. And Poppy, having lent her skirt, joyfully bounces from her room in her very decorative underwear, and obliges with a bit of a song and dance on the landing before realising that she is not, as she apparently hoped, performing only to an audience of appreciative young men, but also to a stern-faced scandalmonger eager for new material.

A "BOARD" MEETING *Stage Photo Co.*

Gerald Popkiss finds that Clive is getting on unusually well with Rhoda Marley (Winifred Shotter)

THE farce is extremely well acted by all concerned. Mr. Ralph Lynn repeats his former successes as the vapid Gerald Popkiss, and strikes the right note all the time by suggesting that he is too much of a simpleton to be capable of a guilty intrigue. Mr. Tom Walls is a revelation as a light comedian of the best kind, and though he is necessarily, to a large extent, merely a foil for Mr. Lynn's exaggerated nonsense, he gives a clear individuality to his own part. Herr Putz, the dominating Prussian, is vigorously represented by Mr. Griffith Humphreys, who, however, seems to have let his German and French exercises overlap a bit when he says "*Dass ist mir—égal!*" (The missing word is, of course, *einerlei*.)



MISS MARY BROUGH as the elderly and extremely moral charlady is frequently rewarded with well-deserved applause for her admirable interpretation of the comic spirit of the play, and her assumed helplessness under the fire of the copious chaff of the two young men is delightfully funny.

MR. J. ROBERTSON HARE is another excellent comedian with a personality of his own; while as the flighty Poppy Dickey Miss Ena Mason lets herself go generously. *Rookery Nook* is an ideal play for the dog days, and should easily rise superior to heat waves or any other manifestation of frivolity on the part of the weather.

JINGLE.

MAYFAIR 30031

A Tale by ERIC MASCHWITZ

But the argument had never convinced him. To-night he was as unaccountably scared and fascinated as ever.

He halted in front of the little house. Plainly it was deserted. All heart and soul were gone out of it. To Connell, standing in the light of the flickering street lamp, its air of neglect had to-night something of human despair. It lingered, a mere husk of a dwelling-place, amidst the prosperous, populous quarter of Mayfair. And yet someone took interest in it still, that was evident. Interest enough to telephone there, night after night.

CONNELL left his club as all the clocks in Mayfair were striking midnight, and turned sharply out of Piccadilly in the direction of his flat.

As he drew nearer to Curzon Street his pace gradually slackened until, when he was in sight of the Belvis Street turning, he was scarcely moving, dawdling away the minutes until the clocks should strike the quarter, fascinated—and afraid, too!

He was afraid of the slender little stucco-fronted house which stood, wedged in somehow between two grander, more highly architectured neighbours, at the corner of his turning home. He always thought of it as the loneliest, emptiest empty house in the world. Its emptiness made it all the queerer that a telephone should be ringing there every night.

Night after night, as, punctual to his custom, he returned from the club, he had heard, exactly at 12.15, the pathetic trilling of an unanswered telephone, until he had grown almost afraid to pass the house on his homeward way. Sometimes he attempted to allay his panic by assuring himself that there must be a caretaker in a house so long "To Let," and that it might perhaps be the sheerest chance that every night for a month past someone had been telephoning that particular number. Why, of course, he would say, if there's a telephone in the place, there must be an occupant! No one would keep up an instrument in a house that wasn't occupied!

Someone not easily discouraged, for the call seemed never to be answered. It was the sheer unreasonable queerness of that unanswered calling which irritated Connell's imagination.

He glanced at his watch. 12.10. Almost time. Led on by his immense and overwhelming curiosity, he advanced as far as the area railings.

The gate, when he tried it, opened easily enough. With a sudden rush of determination he took a quick look at the street. There was no one near to interfere with him. He stumbled quickly down the steps into the dark shadows below.

In the area an attempt to strike a light ended in failure and a waste of matches. Step by step he felt his way along the house-wall until he came to a glass-panelled door. He turned the handle. Locked. When he attempted, as noiselessly as possible, to push his weight against it, it did not budge an inch. He dropped his hands and began to laugh.

What sentimental nonsense had brought him there! Gracious heavens, he must be going to pieces. Letting his imagination run riot, like a neurotic woman! Lucky the door was locked! Prevented him playing the ass in an empty house at all hours of the night. London gettin' on his nerves. He'd go down to Cooden for some golf. To-morrow, by Jove! He tightened his muffler against the wind and turned to go back the way he had come. The telephone rang.

Tring . . . Tring . . .

Suddenly there surged back upon him his old anxiety. Someone was calling, as he'd heard them so often. Was it for help? With a sharp jerk of his elbow he shivered a pane of the door, then, regardless of the jagged glass, slipped his hand in and fumbled for the key.

Tring . . . Tring . . .

The feeble glimmer of a match showed him a narrow cob-webbed passage with a flight of stairs at the end of it. His foot was on the lowest step of the stairway when the match went out. He crashed blindly round the curve of the stairs, stepped on a step that wasn't there, and saved himself from falling by catching hold of the bannister.

Tring . . . Tring . . .

He followed the sound across the hall and through an open doorway. His faltering light showed him what had once been a drawing-room, its floor littered with packing straw and torn newspapers. No furniture, except a glass chandelier pendant from the ceiling, whose lustres tinkled feebly at the draught of his entrance, a spindle-shanked brocaded chair and a gilt console table on which stood the telephone. As he reached for the instrument the second match went out.

With the thing ringing in his hand, he had hardly the nerve to lift the receiver. He was afraid of hearing something what—he didn't know. The bell ceased ringing. With an effort he took the receiver from the hook and pressed it to his ear.

"Hello!" he whispered. "Hello!"

No answer.

"Hello!"

Again no reply. Then suddenly—so suddenly that he violently started—a woman's voice, sharp with excitement, "Hello! Is that Mayfair 30031?"

"I really don't know the number," he began.

"Gerald, dear, he's back in town. Ralph's back. They've transferred him from Warsaw to the Legation at Rio. He's been here this evening!"

"A moment, please!" Connell begged her. "I must tell you, ma'am, that I am not the person you imagine you're speaking to. I just heard the telephone and ——"

"He came up to my room while I was dressing. He was so strange, my dear. I was really quite scared. He'd come straight through from Poland."

(Continued on page 202)

A Hanging Matter

BY A. D. PHOENIX

CRITIC (*at private view*): "It's a positive sin to deface the walls with paintings like these."
FRIEND: "One could almost call it a case of mural turpitude!"

" But ——! "

" Please don't interrupt. I must tell you all about it as quickly as possible. He isn't responsible for his actions, my dear. We're in danger to-night, you and I! When Ralph came in he sat down by my dressing-table and just stared at me. I—I asked him if anything was wrong. ' You should know what's wrong! ' he said. He mentioned your name. He said that he had—well, heard things. Of course, I told him it was absurd. He asked, did I admit that I had been seeing a great deal of you while he was abroad? I told him yes—and he asked ' Why? ' Oh, Gerald, I could see what he was thinking. It doesn't seem possible that a man and a woman can be friends in these days without people thinking *that* sort of thing!

" I told him that I saw you because I liked you. I couldn't tell him the real truth, poor darling, because it would have hurt him, and I never could hurt Ralph. I couldn't say point blank that he bored me to distraction and that I adored the friendship of someone who understood me, who cared a little what I did and thought and felt. Oh, Gerald, I felt so sorry for him, sitting there with that tired angry look. I wanted to throw my arms round him and whisper to him not to take any notice of what people had been saying. But he wouldn't let me. ' Gerald Anderson is your lover; ' he said. So like the heavy villain, my dear. ' You've dragged my name into the gutter. I have come to-night to tell you that I intend to find your lover and shoot him! '

" Did you ever hear anything so fantastic, Gerald? — disappointing, too, when we've avoided being lovers for so long. I told him what absurd nonsense he was talking, that you were engaged to Elsa; but he didn't believe me. He went straight out of the house to look for you, with his pistol in his pocket. Do be careful, please! Elsa would never forgive me if I allowed my husband to shoot you! " Her voice cracked on this brave pretence of lightness.

" Please! " Connell almost shouted. " Please listen —— "

" Keep away from your club, Gerald. He's sure to go there. I'm scared, you know—for myself as well as you. I can't think what's happened to him. He used not to care a damn what I did. How are we to convince him that the whole story is a rotten lie? He was so terribly in earnest that I'm afraid if he doesn't find *you* he'll start using me as a target. I never could stand shooting, Gerald. The bangs make me jump.

" I shall lock my door to-night—and to-morrow morning the notice of your engagement will be in the *Times*. 'A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place. . . .' Ralph will have to kill the fatted calf for me then. It is such a bore to be in love with a bore—though there do seem to be possibilities in Ralph! Dear sweet slow thing! What I want to know is: How did he manage to get so worked up? He must have been overdoing things at the Legation—too many treaties gone to his head!

" Promise me that you won't stir out until luncheon time to-morrow, please! I'll have Ralph calm by then. My congratulations again, Gerald—and my love to Elsa! I'll go up Bond Street and buy you both the most elaborate and luxurious fish-slice. You'll be very happy together. Love is like that. I know. Good-bye, my ——! "

Connell heard an exclamation of surprise. " Ralph! What on earth ——! Please, Ralph, don't wave that thing in front of me. It might go off, really it might! . . . Yes, I am telephoning to Gerald. Yes." Then, very faintly: " Engaged to Elsa, I tell you. It'll be in the *Times* to-morrow. . . No, Ralph, this isn't funny, not a bit! Ralph! . . . Ralph, for God's sake —— " Silence. Then a sharp report which sounded shatteringly in the listener's ear. Silence again.

Connell feverishly jerked at the hook. " Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Exchange? You've cut me off. I must get through again. Exchange! " The instrument was dumb. He dropped the receiver on to the table and ran blindly downstairs, out into the chilly dampness of the area.

A light flashed in his eyes from above. " Excuse me, sir," said a voice, " but what's the meaning of all this 'ere? "

Blinking, he could descry the dark bulk of a policeman. " Where's the nearest call-box? " he rapped out. I must get through to the Mayfair Exchange. There's been an accident somewhere. I must find out the number! "

As he came up the steps, two at a time, the constable laid a hand on his shoulder. " That's a likely sort of yarn, sir! "

" But it's true, damn you! A lady's been shot! "

" 'Ere, 'ere, 'ere! " protested the officer of the law. " 'Ow did you come to know all about it then? "

" I heard it! " Connell savagely answered. " Through the telephone—in there! " He pointed back to the open doorway.

" But that there 'ouse is empty! " said the other, flashing his lamp on Connell's features. "Ain't no one living there! "

Connell groped for his pocket-book and thrust a card in front of the light. The constable glanced at the name, then at its owner's well-tailored overcoat, and went on with new respect in his tone: " Sorry, Sir George, but it didn't *sound* a likely yarn, now did it, sir? If you'll just tell me what 'appened — "

Connell hurriedly repeated the gist of what he had heard. "And I heard the shot, man. Her husband — Ralph What's-his-name—shot her! "

" Oh! " said the other, with a strange, almost scared note in his voice. " Oh! Let's 'ave a look inside, Sir George. There's been funny business here, if you arsk *me*! "

Together they made their way through the basement and upstairs to the room with the telephone in it, the policeman flashing his lamp to left and right of them. The telephone was silent. Not a sound disturbed the heavy quiet of the house.

" Look here! " said Connell. " I *must* telephone the exchange. There may be something we can do."

" Do! " exclaimed his companion. " No, there ain't nothing we can do—now! Four years ago, perhaps, Sir George—but we're four years too late! This 'ere 'ouse 'as been empty since 1922. Used to belong to Captain Gerald Anderson of the Guards. He went away soon after the inquest. Broke off 'is engagement and 'opped it! "

" The inquest? " Connell asked.

" Yus. You must 'ave read about it in the papers! "

" I was abroad in 1922."

" The story's an old 'un now. Sir Ralph 'Orton shot 'is wife—the Beautiful Lady 'Orton they called 'er in the news—because 'e thought she 'ad been carrying on with Captain Anderson. Killed 'isself after with the same pistol. 'Orrible mix-up! " He paused and looked curiously at Connell. " You say as 'ow the telephone used to ring every night in this 'ere 'ouse? Why, I've been on the beat for the last six months and I ain't never 'eard it! "

" Damn it all, man! " said Connell, " I not only heard it ringing but I spoke to the lady. The thing happened to-night, I tell you. I heard the shot. He must have come into the room while she was speaking! "

" Oh! " said the policeman. "Oh! "

" I'd swear to it! "

" Swear to it, sir? I shouldn't if I was you! There ain't a jury of sane men as 'ud believe you." He flashed his lamp on the table. " You may 'ave talked on that there instrument—or again you may not!

" Anyway, I'm blessed if I knows 'ow you did it! If you'll 'ave a look at the wire, Sir George, you'll see that the blooming thing ain't even connected up with the Exchange! "

ON THE BALCONY

IN VIEW OF THE

E CIRCUMSTANCES

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THE STRENUOUS SIDE OF "LE SPORT" IN FRANCE

BY LAURIE FAYLER

Our artist's impression of a bout of fencing at the Casino de Forêt at Le Touquet. This sport attracts a large and fashionable gathering during the season

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

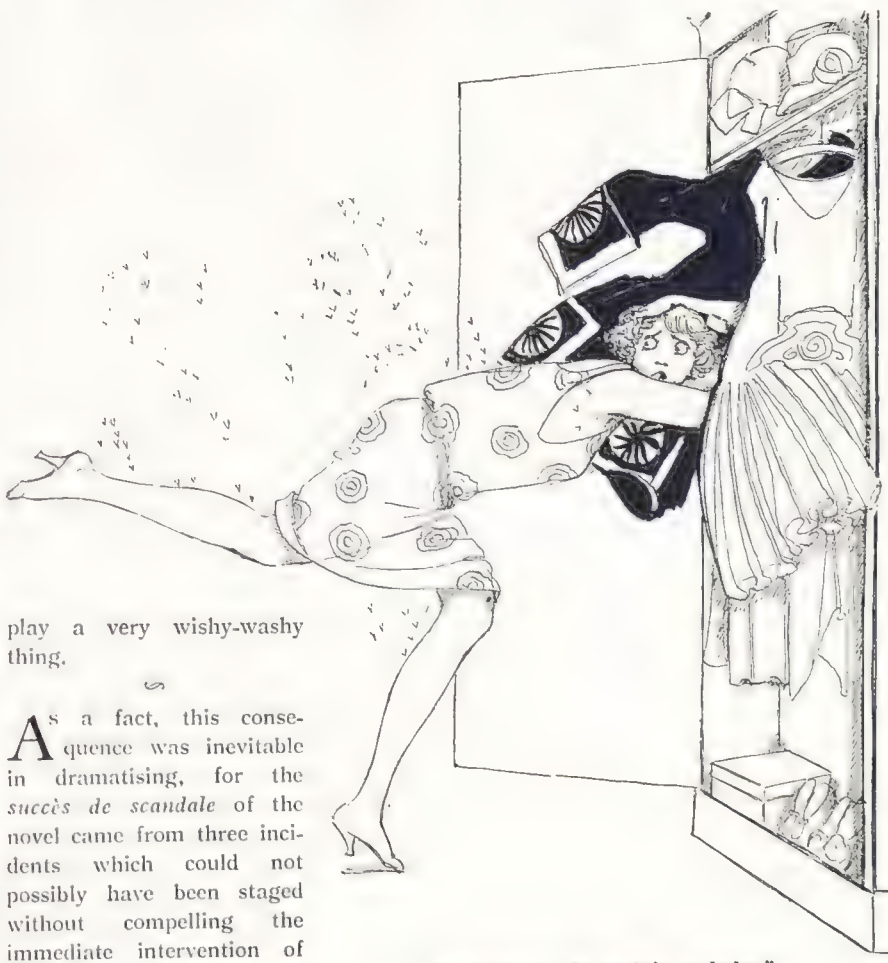
"Come in your innumerable hordes!"

MES AMIS—

WHEN a new play is produced in Paris after the Grand Prix has become history for the year it is generally assumed that it is intended mainly for summer tourists, and, in particular, for Anglo-Saxon tourists, who spend the most money. Unless the assumption is misplaced for once, it must be calculated that the dramatised version of Victor Margueritte's notorious novel, *La Garçonne,* is designed for this season's tourists rather than for Parisians, who have largely departed.

MOST Parisians have read *La Garçonne,* one of the most audacious novels ever published, and quite a number of Londoners, no doubt, read it before its sale in England was prohibited, for the scandal which it created, leading to the expulsion of the author from the Legion of Honour, was the greatest advertisement any book has had for a generation; with the result that they will probably consider the other overseer of Paris morals. Yet, without these super-hectic episodes the career of the stage *Garçonne* appears somewhat insipid beside those of the real-life *garçonnes,* who existed before M. Margueritte christened them and who have gone on from *audace* to *audace* without the least concern for what he has to say.

FOR Paris, therefore, *La Garçonne* of the Théâtre de Paris lacks spice, and the only persons who are likely to find it "strong" are the visitors to whom the book is unfamiliar. For them, however, it is likely to come as very daring play-writing, as the section of society which it pictures is very far from being "nice" for stage presentation, and its manners would certainly not win the approval of the British censor. Remembering the fuss caused by "Hindle Wakes" in its early days, the introductory revelations of Monique Lerbier would undoubtedly be considered shocking, though it must be said that her actions sound too far-fetched to be probable, and this makes the rest of the play "unbelievable."



"Force them to flee to their wardrobes"

play a very wishy-washy thing.

AS a fact, this consequence was inevitable in dramatising, for the *succès de scandale* of the novel came from three incidents which could not possibly have been staged without compelling the immediate intervention of the Prefect of Police or

SO many dignitaries of the Church have thundered against the frocks that ascend too high from below and descend too low from above without influencing fashions in the least that it seemed as though they had abandoned their campaign in despair, but a *curé* of Angers has just embarked on a new line of attack by calling for a revival of the plagues as a form of unpleasantly effective pressure on the *couturiers.*

IT is rather fortunate for the Angevines *décolletées,* who must be responsible for this outburst, that his parish magazine does not circulate among the mosquitos, the hornets, the gadflies, and the wasps, whom he calls to his aid, and that these horrid insects will remain in ignorance of the appeal, for if the call were answered there would certainly have to be a hasty rush to cover.

THE *curé* must descend in a very direct line from the master torturers of the Inquisition. Listen how he solicits the help of the mosquitos:

"Come in your innumerable hordes to torment with your tapering needles the bare arms and the uncovered *poitrines.*" Then the gadflies: "*Agaçants* gadflies, cease tormenting peaceable cattle and horses and descend ravenously on the persons who replace costumes by trappings."

For the hornets his language is even more vivid: "Terrible hornets of the flaming robe, devastate our orchards no longer; launch your attacks against the *malhabilées*, menace them with the redoubtable fire which runs from your poisoned darts and force them to flee to their wardrobes." Then altogether: "Come mosquitos, gadflies and blue-bottles, come wasps, hornets and bees, menace, sting and torment, act so well that these persons shall no longer be slaves of *la mode*, and that their principal care henceforth shall be to clothe themselves in virtues."

Latest news from Angers is that the Angevines, in readiness for possible execution of the threat, are applying to the Americans for information as to the best methods of acting on the slogan, "Swat that fly." As for clothing themselves in virtues, their *robes* might be even shorter and much more "revealing."

"Bathing costumes were *de rigueur*"

My friend Henri Beraud, one of the most popular French novelists of the period, has just had an adventure which pleased him mightily while motoring between Bayonne and Pau. The bakers of Bayonne and Biarritz were guzzling their annual feast in a rather out of way hotel where he happened to pull up for lunch, and they invited him to join them as a *glorieux fils de mitron*, Beraud having done a spell of baking in his romantic career.

"And much more 'revealing'"

Flattered at being recognised under such circumstances, he proved to them he could still knead the dough with any of them, and when one of them recalled that he had earned some little repute as a baritone he sang them regional songs with a twenty-two stone vigour that rattled the wine-glasses. That lunch did not finish till five o'clock, but Henri Beraud is as able a trencherman as writer.

At another gay party, this time in the capital, the *clou* was not revealed till four o'clock in the morning, when each of the guests had to pass beneath a *cascade*, operating as a sort of douche, the guests having been instructed to come in bathing costumes, which were *de rigueur*, as at the Lido. This party was the work of the sprightly Parisys, who tried to conquer London a few months ago, and who had found her inspiration in the purchase of a property "river" from a circus which was selling up.

Parisys is very fond of original parties. Last year she had half a dozen seals for her *invités* to stroke. In her "river" she had stocked two or three hundred small fish, and after a palpitating contest the guests were able to savour *friture* of gudgeon for breakfast. By this time the costumes soaked under the *cascade* had dried in the heat of the excitement generated by the fishing competition.

Vu some of these recent rejoicings it seems almost a pity that the "season" has ended, causing Parisians to scatter to the extremes of widespreading France, for it had begun to look as though the old liveliness was beginning to show its head again after a much too protracted absence. René.

"What is a mosquito, Bobby?"

"A mosquito," replied that bright boy, "is the child of black and white parents."

. . . . .

"Jones looks very sore."

"Yes, his girl threw him over."

"That's nothing."

"But it happened to be over a cliff."

. . . . .

What the elderly sheep said to the young one: "Fancy seeing ewe!"

"Where We Pitched Our Tent"

BY J. A. BEALE

A LEAF FROM A HOLIDAY DIARY

Some Recent Out-of-Doors

Topical

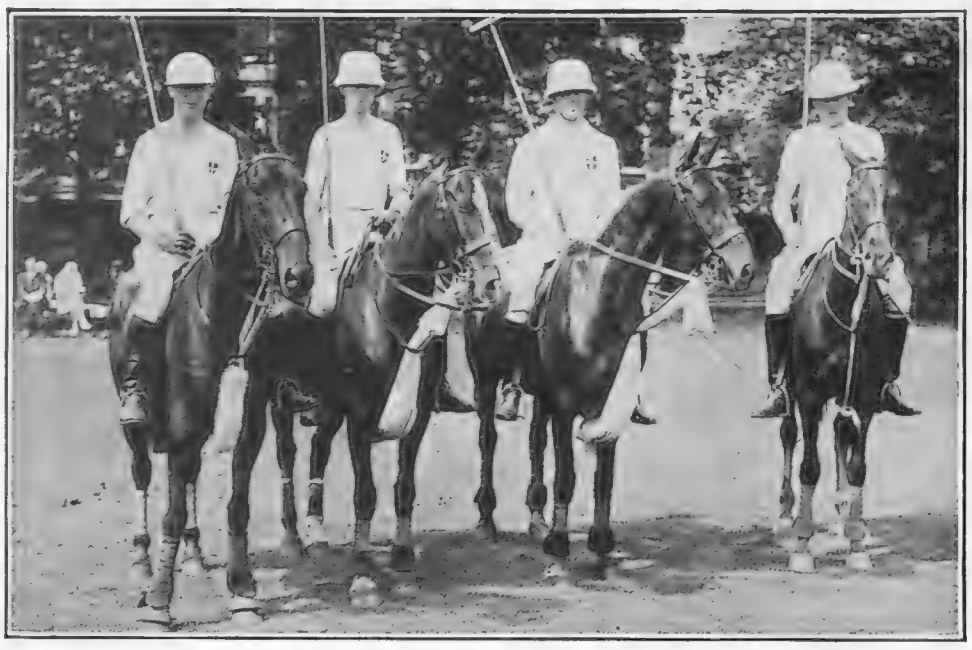
READY FOR ACTION

Small craft photographed in Bangor Bay. They took part in the Royal Ulster Yacht Club's regatta

Topical

THE OXFORD POLO TEAM

Mr. J. M. Schiff, Mr. E. Dugdale, Mr. H. Sidebottom and Mr. E. F. Gage, who represented Oxford in the recent Varsity match. It took place at Hurlingham



Topical

VICTORIOUS CAMBRIDGE

The Cambridge polo team which defeated Oxford by seven goals to four. The photograph shows Mr. P. Moseley (left), Mr. G. W. Pennington, Mr E. H. Martin and Mr. J. G. Morrison

G.P.U.

A SPORTING OCCASION

The Duke of York watching the sports held by the 11th Hussars, of which he is Colonel in Chief, at Shorncliffe Camp. With him is the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel F. H. Sutton, M.C.

Photo Illus.

AT ROEHAMPTON

Mrs. Oliver, Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State for Air, and the Duke of Sutherland in the grounds of Roehampton Club. The photograph was taken on the recent Flying Day

Doings Recorded by the Camera

Sport and General

BEFORE THE BIG RACE

Prince Henry walking to the paddock before the Eclipse Stakes at the Sandown Park Meeting. The race was won by Coronach, which fully justified his position as an odds-on favourite

I.B.

AT THE RIFLEMEN'S MECCA

Prince Arthur of Connaught and Lord Jellicoe on their way to the ranges at Bisley. Lord Jellicoe was a frequent visitor to the meeting

Sport and General

AT SANDOWN PARK

Mr. H. L. Collins, the Australian Cricket Captain, spending a day at Sandown races. With him is Mrs. T. Carthew, the well-known racehorse owner

Farringdon Photo Co.

WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE

Sergeant A. G. Fulton, who won the King's Prize at Bisley for the second time. Four competitors tied for first place, but in the "shoot off" Sergeant Fulton won by one point from Dr. F. H. Kelly

Central News

"IN THE RUNNING"

Cadet Vezey who was ons of the four competitors to tie for the King's Prize at Bisley He lost the Silver Medal Tie Shoot to Dr. F. H. Kelly

A GAMBLE IN CIGARETTES

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Heading by CUNINGHAM

This true story is a warning to gamblers, and has the moral that, even if you win, you lose.

I was on a seaside pier. The sun was hot, and I made my way to a small building which I knew to contain a bar. Ginger-beer-and-ale-and-ice mixed was my design, and I smiled serenely in anticipation of the first plunge into the cold froth.

Picture my despair when I found that the bar was no longer a bar. It had been converted into a sort of "fun city," a place where you can get pretty well everything but fun. The counter still stood, and on it were heaps of chocolates, gim-cracks, and packets of cigarettes. Behind the counter was a pleasant girl who sold discs, just discs.

"Give me a shilling's worth of discs," said I, "and tell me what I am to do with them."

She gave me six and bade me insert them in any of the automatic machines in the room.

"After you put in each disc pull the handle. If you win, more discs will be returned to you. Then you bring those discs to me and I will exchange them for a prize."

"And if I lose?"

"You will come back to me and buy more discs."

I did not lose. I put the discs one by one into a machine, pulling a handle after each insertion. The machine then gurgled, and upon no fewer than three occasions disgorged more discs. Twice I got two for one, and once—oh! magnificent—I got twenty.

I scraped up the twenty-four discs from the tray below the machine and went to the bar for my prize.

"What do you want?" asked the pleasant girl.

"What can I have?" retorted I, just as Aladdin did to the genie.

"A kettle? Tea-service? Gold watch? Chocolates? Alarm clock? Pincushion? Cigarettes?"

"Gaspers!" I gasped. "The very thing."

Difficult as you will find it to believe, I got for those twenty-four discs no fewer than eight sixpenny packets of cigarettes of my favourite brand. Four shillings' worth for a shilling!

"What do I do now?" asked I of the pleasant girl, having an inward urge to make a speech to the rest of the public and say, fatuously, that I did not know what I had done to deserve my good fortune.

"If you take my advice," said the pleasant girl, "you'll go while the going's good."

I had already in my pocket an opened packet of cigarettes, and so did not have to break into any of my prizes. When I reached home I placed my eight packets on the mantelpiece and bragged a little. Only a little. I know how to tell the story of a slice of luck and convey at the same time that it is not everybody who can do that sort of thing, and so do you.

From that day my troubles began. I am not accustomed, you see, to keep cigarettes about the house. I buy a packet, pocket it, keep it in my pocket till it is exhausted, and then buy another one. Consequently I could never remember to take one of those prize packets off the mantelpiece. Such an action would be a departure from unalterable habit.

You can guess the sequel. Invariably I ran out of cigarettes while I was out of doors. If it had happened at home, of course, I would have replenished from the mantelpiece. But it never did. Again and again and again for many days I had to fork out sixpence for a packet of the very cigarettes I had so many of at home.

Oh, how it hurt! Oh, the bitterness! More often than not I was telling of my good luck with the discs when I found I was cigaretteless. Just imagine the intense depression with which I purchased a fresh packet.

This went on for days and days, very nearly weeks. My only chance of escape from my pangs was that I would find my pocket packet empty while at home and so be driven to the mantelpiece. Tying knots in handkerchiefs or bits of string round my wrist is no use to me. I can never remember why I did the tying.

It never happened that I ran out of cigarettes at home, and I was finally reminded to pocket my prizes by an invitation to a poker party.

I have trained myself all my life to think before I go out to play cards. First I think of the money I must take with me and distribute at intervals to my friends. Next I think of tobacco and matches, because it is an awful thing to run out of smoking materials at a poker party that is a poker party.

Nearly all the poker parties I go to are poker parties. That is to say, they never seem to stop, at any rate till the sun rises and begins to deride. You know what happens. All agree to stop playing at twelve. Then there is always some ass who reminds you at twelve that it is really eleven, because of summer-time. At one another ass says it is really only twelve. At two there happens to be a big jack-pot which nobody seems able to open, and it gets to three before you know where you are.

Well, you see how important it is to have plenty of cigarettes for a poker party that is a poker party.

I put all my eight prizes in my pocket and went off. My friends noticed that my pockets bulged, and questioned me. Gladly and very foolishly, as it proved, I bragged to them of my prowess on the automatic machines.

Very early in the evening the other fellows began to run out of cigarettes. It was past eight, and none could be sent for. What could I do but pass round my stock? I must say I have wondered since if all at the table were telling the truth. It was extremely odd that five men should discover simultaneously that they were smoking their last cigarettes. But I suppose anything can happen.

The poker party, as prognosticated, was a poker party. That is to say, we agreed to stop at twelve, and the usual ass said the usual thing about summer-time, and it was, therefore, past six o'clock when I returned home.

I was gloomy. I had lost the quarter's rent, the half-year's rates and taxes, the burglary insurance, the price of my season ticket, and the whole of the piano-tuner's honorarium. Also I had not a single one of my prize cigarettes left. Those pirates of poker players had smoked the lot.

As I climbed the steps of my house a boy descended them. He had just left the can containing the morning milk.

He grinned at me, presumably for coming home so early.

"Got any cigarette pictures?" he begged.

GOODWOOD

SINCE FAVOURITES HAVE A NASTY HABIT OF GOING DOWN AND YOUR SPECIAL SELECTION MAY QUITE POSSIBLY BE

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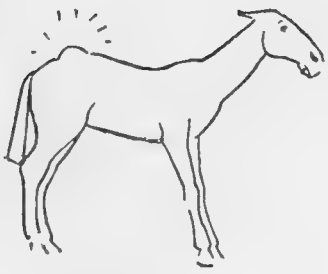

BUMPED

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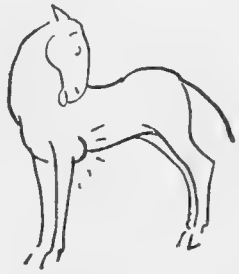
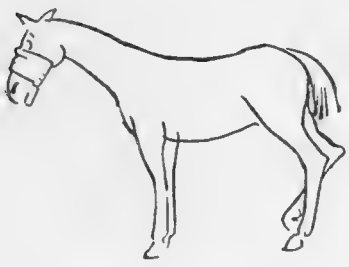


DEVELOP TENNIS ELBOW



PHOSSY JAW

OR BOOKMAKERS CANTER

BEGIN THE DAY WITH A CERTAINTY — THE BEST STAYER ON THE COURSE AND ONE THAT TASTES BEST WHEN IT IS GOING DOWN

Worthington

— a Certain Winner every time

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

I HAVE just read and enjoyed a book of country-life sketches which, to be candid, I thought would not be altogether to my taste. You know, I expect, how it is. A book is recommended to you, and you promise to read it. You know the author well enough by reputation, and the recommender is a man whose opinion you trust, and you get hold of the book, and—somehow it remains on your table unread.

So, at any rate, it was with my copy of Mr. S. L. Bensusan's *Village Idylls* (Noel Douglas: 12*s.* 6*d.* net). I knew perfectly well that Mr. Bensusan never writes a line that is not worth reading; I knew that Mr. Israel Zangwill had prefaced his books in terms which ought to have kindled my enthusiasm, and yet I fought shy of it. Why? Too long a book for a hot day? Too much dialect? A feeling that this rustic humour is much the same as ever it was, and that, in any case, I preferred it at first-hand? I do not know.

And then, from a stern sense of duty, I suppose, I sat down and opened the book, and almost immediately the stern sense of duty disappeared. I had been whirled away to the quaintest and most picturesque and liveliest village in all Essex, and was being introduced very willingly to a little group of human beings such as one is seldom privileged to meet. To be honest, the book is astonishingly good. It may be on the long side, and to get the full flavour you must not miss a word, but there is no necessity for you to read it straight through. All the hundreds of sketches it contains are short, and I suggest one or two each night before retiring to rest. They will make up an engaging night-cap.

The dialect, by the way, should be no obstacle to your enjoyment. Mr. Bensusan manages things so cleverly that you are soon understanding these yokels of his as though you had been a native of Maychester itself. And the fun and pathos and beauty of things—how well he brings them out! Almost every side of village life is held in review, and at the end of it all you seem to be on intimate terms with every soul in the place, from the Oldest Inhabitant, who has a bit of a tongue, to the Woodpeckers and Mr. Blite and the talkative Mr. Cant. It is a big thing to have done, and I can heartily endorse the good opinions which had come my way before reading the book.

*

THERE is another collection of not dissimilar sketches just published. *Golden Green* (Palmer: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) is the work of Mr. Bart Kennedy, who has done most things in his life, and knows the countryside as well as anyone can. Him I like best in the country pub, surrounded by a few yokels enjoying (generally and very properly at his expense) their beer. In the present volume the scene is Kent, where beer, to use a local phrase not to be contradicted, *is* beer, and hop-fields may be seen from the train. But he is also good on the road. You should hear him describe the important events that bring a hamlet to life, and learn from him how to tramp decently and in comfort (shoes, and not boots, on your feet), and how to talk meetly to your fellow-tramps.

Mr. Kennedy, too, is not without a working philosophy of his own. He would have you open your eyes, and wink on occasion, and watch the birds—they really do curious things—and think of the stars, and be not displeased with the rain. He is certainly the most cheery of companions, and his pen has lost none of its old cunning. When you have read *Golden Green* you will want to go down into Kent, and drink some of its beer, and even help for a while in the hop-fields. (Or perhaps it would be more expedient to watch the Londoners working.)

*

A YEAR or two ago I was particularly entertained by Dr. Halford Ross's account of a motor trip which he took with his wife to Venice, and it was in anticipation of an amusing hour or so that I took up his second book, *Spain in a Two-Seater* (Faber and Gwyer: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It is satisfactory to record that this neat little book (to be slipped into the pocket, if you should want to use it as a guide, though it isn't a guide-book at all) is even better than its predecessor. Dr. Ross is out to enjoy himself, and his good spirits are infectious. Sometimes, of course, he can be commendably serious, but it is never very long before something ludicrous strikes him, and then anything from potted history, of the delightfully unnatural kind, to a playlet in three acts may be forthcoming. Sometimes, too, he is very wily indeed, as, for instance, when he met an old soldier with a very large nose outside Bergerac.

Spain, it would seem, is the very place for a two-seater—if, that is to say, it be driven by a man (like Dr. Ross), who really does know how to travel. Otherwise there may be troubles, and Spaniards will not find it too hot to worry about luggage examination and things of that kind, and Castile may not appear to be the delight that it is. In Dr. Ross's company, at any rate, it is possible to learn much of that side of Spain which does not get into the guide books. He has written a fascinating little book, whose quaint illustrations are not its least pleasant feature.

*

TWO more Sakis in the new uniform edition. (Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net each.) *The Unbearable Bassington* is introduced by Maurice Baring, and *The Chronicles of Clovis* by A. A. Milne: a not undeserved honour. And how delightful they are! What delicious fun, and what wit! And the names of the people! They are an entertainment in themselves. If you don't know your Saki, now is the time to repair your mistake. This edition is surely the memorial for which he would have asked—that brave, clever, wayward man who died as a corporal in the trenches.

BY HYNES

A QUARTETTE FROM CABARET

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COLOURS AND ILLNESS

By MRS. M. VINCE

Janet Jevons

MISS MADGE AUBREY

Who understudies Miss Olga Lindo's part of the hilarious, but very shrewd chorus girl in "The Best People" at the Lyric. This play goes on serenely indifferent to strikes, heat waves or any other little annoyances of the moment

WHEN you are ill colours are much more important to you than when you are well. That is what one would expect. You are more easily excited or depressed by your environment. You become conscious then of influences of which, when you are well, you may hardly be aware.

DOCTORS are paying more attention than they did to the right use of colours in the decoration of hospitals and nursing homes, particularly for nervous and mental patients. A scheme of colours has, I am told, been drawn up for the different kinds of patient. Yellow and pink and orange are found to be stimulating, and therefore good for depressed patients. Green is restful. Blue and mauve are depressing. Red is exciting—too exciting to be made the predominant colour in any room, though a little of it is found very good.

THERE is, of course, nothing new in this. It is interesting, because it shows that colours, though they may affect one more strongly in illness, affect one in just the same way as when one is well. The colours which the doctors find stimulating are the colours which decorators use to warm a room. The colours which they have found depressing are the colours which decorators know make a room cold. Red, which they avoid as too exciting, decorators know is so aggressive that it brings the walls nearer to you and makes a room seem smaller than it is.

WHAT the doctors are evidently beginning to do is to apply the knowledge which should be used in all decoration in order to get the right influence and atmosphere in the rooms of their patients. But by no means all the doctors are doing it. I have recently been over two mental and nervous hospitals to see their decoration. They were a very interesting contrast.

IN one (I will not mention its name) I found the most startling wallpapers that I think I have ever seen. Several of the patients' rooms had the walls covered with such masses of flowers that they had no pattern and no background. In another room there were scores of large, dark birds, each one fiercely preparing to bite a tulip. Anything less likely either to stimulate or to soothe I cannot conceive. Some patients, I imagine, might be almost terrified by those papers, others might be irritated, but the general effect was of heaviness and depression. Those wallpapers were like a large, undigested meal—a meal that would give one nightmares.

THE other hospital was the Lady Chichester Hospital at Hove for early nervous and borderland cases in women and children. Here the rooms are very light and simple and cheerful. They have been decorated very carefully from the experience of what best helps the patients. It has been found there that they like colour, but not in the mass, so that the walls have been kept plain, and the colour is given in the curtains and covers, and in the tube and railway posters of landscapes and buildings which are hung on the walls.

THERE is an orange ward, for example, with cream walls, lemon-coloured bed-covers, orange covers in plain linen on the lockers, and a stencilled frieze of conventional pattern of orange trees. Then there is a blue ward—a very sunny room, so that cooler colours could be used—with pale lemon walls and blue covers. The children's ward, or nursery, has pale jade-green walls, with a stencilled frieze of little trees and blue birds on a cream background, and bed-covers with pictures of nursery rhymes. Along the mantelpiece stand all the toys.

THE fact that all the walls in this hospital have been kept plain is, I think, a confession of the difficulty of getting the right designs. It is easy to avoid the merely mechanical designs, which are really no design at all, like lines of bunches of flowers or other small separate detached patterns. These are irritating to anyone who sees them for long, and most of all to patients who have to lie for hours looking at them. But it is not so easy to choose between the bad designs and the good. Yet if one knows how to choose there are many beautiful flat designs which grow over the wall and become part of it.

THEN there is the question of doctors' and dentists' waiting-rooms. If you should happen to pick up THE BYSTANDER and read this article in one of those rooms, look round it and see if it is such a room as helps you in any way during those last few minutes of horrible inaction before the ordeal. I doubt if you will find that it has occurred to the doctor to do anything to help you while you wait beyond having a sufficient number of magazines on the table. I hope that when doctors have decorated all their hospitals and homes with a knowledge of the influences of colour they will give a thought to their waiting-rooms. It would be worth it. Half an hour there may seem like half a lifetime.

G. Mannell

THE SUMMER NOTE!

Miss Joan Morgan, who is playing in that popular Lyceum production "The Padre," in a costume eminently suitable for heat waves. That it is not merely a studio effect is proved by the fact that Miss Morgan is an enthusiastic swimmer, going up the Thames regularly for her daily dip

Does heat fatigue you?

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HW 2

DOGS IN SUMMER

FACTS AND FLUMMERY

By "THE KENNELMAN"

FROM an hotel in Switzerland a correspondent writes:—"The Press is very properly giving a deal more space to dogs and doggy interests than it ever did before, because the cultivation and companionship of dogs are playing much bigger parts in British life. But it's a pity some of the alleged guidance and advice offered to the neophytes should be such balderdash. If the worst were the merely boring platitudes it wouldn't matter; but some is perniciously misleading, too. Here's a sample from my local home paper which has just arrived:—

"'Like ourselves, our dog friends are very susceptible to seasonal changes and require different treatment in summer than in winter. In fact, if you wish to do them justice you must treat your dogs as you treat yourselves or your children in every respect; then they will be happy and well, summer and winter, too. The good weatherproof coats that are such a boon to our canine friends in winter are not wanted in the summer months, and meals also require changing. On no account should meat be given in the summer, but you may be proportionately generous with the milk supply, potatoes, and other vegetables, for in hot weather they appreciate cool, soft, and semi-liquid dishes as much as we do. Do not forget a piece of sulphur in the drinking water, and the more open-air exercise the better.'

"Could more of rubbish be squeezed into the number of lines?"

The comment is severe, but it's true this sort of advice is almost as mischievously sloppy as the diet it recommends. Calendar changes do not alter the fact that the Dog is carnivorous, that vegetables are of practically no food value to him; that "soft and semi-liquid dishes" are very unwholesome for Dogs; that "a piece of sulphur in the drinking water" is of no more use than a piece of paving stone; that to treat Dogs "as you treat yourselves and your children" is a piece of unimaginative stupidity calculated to make their lives a burden to them; that 95 per cent. of Dogs are better without coats at any time of year, and that "the more exercise the better"—never counsel to be interpreted literally—would be less incorrect if applied to winter than to summer. And so, as guidance for Dog-keepers, the quoted passage is worse than a wash-out.

Dogs require animal food all the year round, but may fairly be given rather less flesh in hot weather, with perhaps a little more of suitable fish, for example. A little well-cooked and minced onion, spinach or carrot added to the food, say twice a week, is quite suitable. Where bread is used, let it be thoroughly stale, and lightly re-baked; and, as with biscuit, it is best eaten dry. If moistened at all, as with broth or milk, let that be done immediately before the meal, so as to leave as much "bite" as possible in the food. In short, the Dog requires as much nutriment in summer as in winter, and his internal economy is such that for him nutriment means food of a concentrated, not bulky, kind, at least 50 per cent. animal to 50 per cent. farinaceous. In making summer meals lighter, they should not be made more bulky, or less nutritious. Reasonable, *regular* exercise is most desirable and, of course, the more freedom the better, in summer. Drinking water wants changing three or four times daily, instead of twice, in summer, and must be kept out of the sun.

The growth of interest in Dogs among the general, non-fancying public is strikingly shown in latest Kennel Club statistics, which prove an even bigger increase in the number of pedigree Dogs registered than in those exhibited. The increase in those exhibited since 1922 is 33 per cent.; in those registered, about 100 per cent. Pre-war daily average of registrations, 60; in 1922, 113; and this year, 213. Big figures, these.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

When the Informatory Double Goes Wrong

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

MY articles on the doubles seem to have aroused great interest, and I have received letters about them from which it is evident that a great number of players dislike intensely these informatory doubles. Numerous examples have reached me, showing how badly these doubles pan out. I have analysed the hands, and I find that in almost every instance where disaster occurred it was due to the fact that the doubles were unsound. This confirms what I have been rubbing in during the last few weeks, that most of the players who use these doubles are still hopelessly at sea as to their proper use. I notice further that in almost all the cases sent to me the failure was due to the bad initial double of "One No-Trump."

. . . . . .

In this connection I read recently in an American magazine the opinion of the well-known authority, Mr. R. F. Foster. In an article entitled "The Worst Bid at Auction Bridge," he states that over-calling a No-Trumper is "the greatest loser in the game." He writes as follows:—

"Players who are supposed to be experts and 'authorities' have tried to convince me that I am wrong in my conclusion. Their arguments are simply their opinions or assertions. For three years I have been quietly gathering facts, which are stubborn things.

"In watching the bidding of many of those who are acknowledged to be among the best players in New York, and making careful notes of the results of their bidding or doubling against No-Trumpers, I find that to be the only weak spot in their game, and one that leads to nothing but loss. To substantiate this, I have collected about two hundred deals that I have seen bid and played."

My own view of the informatory double of "One No-Trump" is that it should be used very sparingly, and, as a rule, only when you are in a tight corner. When the score is game all, for instance, and Y Z are 20 up in the rubber game, if Z deals and bids "One No-Trump" it is up to A and B to put up some sort of a show, if possible, to prevent Z going out too cheaply.

But to double at love score just because you have a certainty of saving the game, or even a good chance of defeating the contract, is bad policy. It results so often in the biter getting bitten.

. . . . . .

Here is a case sent to me from Dublin, about which my correspondent writes that, while it has not interfered with life-long friendships, it has started acrimonious discussions.

Score: A B, game and 28. A dealt, and said, "No bid"; Y, "No bid"; B, "One No-Trump"; Z and A, "No bid"; Y, "Double One No-Trump"; B, "No bid." Z holds:—S—A, x, x. H—9, 8, 7, 5. D—A, K, 9, 4. C—x, x. What should Z say?

Actually, Z said, "Two No-Trumps," and the bid was left in, and Z lost 200 points, making only four tricks in all.

I am asked if Z should have called "Two No-Trumps," and, if not, what he should have called.

In my opinion, on the bidding and at the score, Z's bid of "Two No-Trumps" was quite justifiable It is true his partner Y had passed originally, but he had also doubled "One No-Trump." If he had the semblance of a double, Z had a fair chance of making his contract, and possibly game. But the trouble was Y held only:—S—Q, x, x. H—K, x, x, x. D—J, 10, x, x. C—x, x. Now, this was such an absolutely bad double at any score or position that the real culprit was Y, not Z. It was asking for trouble. Examples such as these do not prove the fallacy of the double how it should not be applied.

But even this example does not really tell against the double. Z saved the game comparatively cheaply. On his hand, after the double, he might have called "Two Diamonds" or "Two Hearts." But that would have probably resulted in A and B discovering the situation and going on themselves in No-Trumps or getting out in Clubs.

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Une Petite Plage en Bretagne

BY PIERRE LISSAC

The joys of a seaside holiday in "la belle France" as they appear to a French artist

CAMERA NOTES

IN TIROL
A charming view photographed at Plansee, near Reutte

Rivers, Lakes and Waterfalls

Though vastly different in the photographic problems which they set, lakeside scenes and waterfalls are alike in the frequently irresistible appeal which they make to the camera user, and such subjects, together with riverside views, account for a large number of the exposures made by holiday-making photographers.

Waterside Pictures

Technically, lake scenes and river scenes are amongst the least difficult of photographic subjects, for fine adjustments of focus are rarely, if ever, called for, and conditions are nearly always favourable enough to ensure good results with snapshot exposures. On the other hand, it is by no means easy to produce with such subjects a really effective and pleasing picture. To do so it is especially important to choose a good viewpoint and to watch for an effective lighting.

In the choice of viewpoint, special attention must be given to seeing that the river banks, or the margins of the lake, run in pleasing curves into the picture, and that a certain amount of interest is introduced into the foreground by water-reeds, bushes, flowers, or trees upon the banks, a figure by the water's edge, or a small boat near at hand. Since the sky is repeated in the picture by reflection upon the surface of the water, particular note should be made as to whether these two expanses of high-light combine to give a pleasing arrangement of light and shade. Many such scenes, attractive enough at the time to the observer, give a disappointing photograph merely from disregard of this point.

The Charm of Reflections

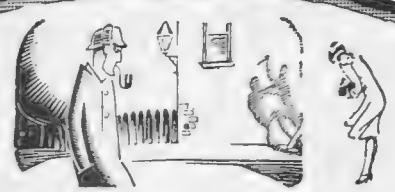
Especially in the calm, watery expanse of a lake, reflections often give most valuable assistance to the photographer in search of pictorial effect, but they need to be employed with judgment. There is little appeal, for instance, in the mirror-like reflections that appear upon a perfectly tranquil stretch of water; the wise photographer who essays an exposure on such a scene will disturb the surface with a couple of stones thrown into the water, and will make his record whilst the ensuing ripples are playing fantastic tricks with the reflections. The glinting points of high-light on this rippled surface will also go far to create the sense of liquidity.

Torrents and Waterfalls

In the case of mountain streams, with the racing water dashing itself into foam on boulders, the problem is more a technical one; it is that of rendering the water as if it were water, and avoiding the appearance of either cotton-wool, on the one hand, or frozen foam on the other. This is principally a matter of giving an exposure which is just long enough to give a suggestion of blur in the moving water, but not long enough to destroy the liquid texture of the surface. This is usually best achieved with exposures between the limits of 1/10th and 1/50th second.

With waterfalls especially, such brief exposures may not be sufficient for the dark, rocky surroundings of the fall, and —when the subject is irresistible—it is better to fix the camera on a support and give repeated exposures at this snapshot speed.

T. L. J. Bentley.



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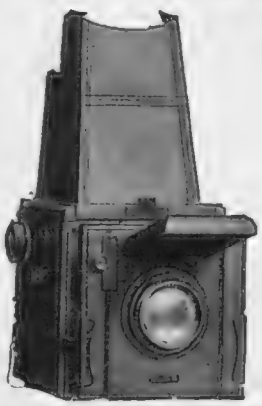

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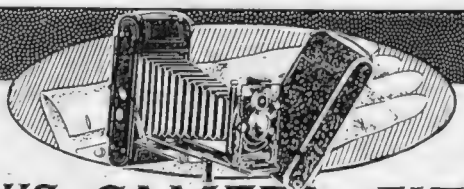

"THIS CAMERA FITS LIKE A GLOVE"

remarked an enthusiast recently. "Why? Can't say. Just fits in with my particular idiosyncrasies, I suppose." "One man's meat, another man's poison," certainly applies to cameras as to everything else, and apparatus that is light, compact and simple to one may be the reverse to another. The main thing is to secure the greatest width of choice, such as can be obtained from the host of up-to-date makes at the "Westminster." Before selecting apparatus, accessories or materials, give the "Westminster." a call, or write for free Catalogue C.

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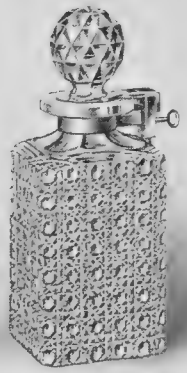

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RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

BY 'THE TOUT'

"GOODWOOD GOODS"

Colonel B. C. Fairfax, the owner of that flying filly Bella Minna, chatting to his jockey, Micky Beary

At Aintree

In spite of the reduction of the price of admission to Tattersall's enclosure, the attendances at the Liverpool meeting last week fell below the hopes of the management. It has seemed to me in recent weeks that the crowds at the South Country fixtures have been fully up to the average. Sandown Park, for example, attracted huge musters for its Eclipse meeting, while the gatherings at the two July meetings at headquarters were as large as I have ever seen there. In the North, however, industrial troubles are obviously having an unfortunate effect upon racing, and I fear executives of the Northern meetings will have to be prepared for an appreciable drop in receipts for the rest of the season. The racing at Aintree was attractive enough, and on the second day the local people had the satisfaction of cheering two successes for Lord Derby, whose colours always have a thick and thin following at Liverpool.

A Smart Filly

Strange that his filly Avalanche should have been such a rank outsider when "coming out" at the first July meeting. It can be safely assumed she had done nothing flattering in her home gallops before that race, and her success must have come as an agreeable surprise to her owner and trainer. That her victory at Newmarket was not a fluke was convincingly demonstrated when she scored at Liverpool last week. This was quite a smart performance, because Avalanche got none too well away and was giving weight to All's Blue, who was reasonably made favourite for the race on the strength of her consistent performances No surprise was caused when Glen Rosa won the Knowsley Dinner Stakes for Lord Derby. That result had been foreshadowed by her prominent display at headquarters a week previously. Another Newmarket "pointer" came off all right when Glommen won the Abbeystead Handicap. It is true this colt had an enormous weight, but his task was really no more difficult than he had accomplished the week before.

Goodwood Stakes

Goodwood meeting will be well on its way by the time these notes are published. An interesting event on the second day will be the historic Goodwood Stakes. I am rather disappointed with the acceptance for this event, but I dare say there will be enough runners to make it a brisk betting race. Three-year-olds have been doing so well in various handicaps recently that I am quite prepared to see a colt of that age carry off this handicap. The one I have in mind is **Lulworth Cove.** Apparently Fred Darling fully expects him to get the course, and I make him my selection. On the same afternoon the sprint for the Singleton Handicap includes two or three animals which are in the Stewards' Cup. This is an ideal course for **Bewitched,** whom I expect to land a prize for Captain Humphrey de Trafford.

The Cup

Providing **Vermilion Pencil** is fit and well, I shall not look beyond him for the winner of the Goodwood Cup on Thursday. I am convinced that the Aga Khan's colt is one of the finest stayers in training, and if a race over three miles could be arranged I am inclined to think that even Solario would not find it easy to beat him. The distance of the Cup is not quite so far as that, but the course is one which essentially calls for fine stamina, and I believe **Vermilion Pencil** will carry weight successfully. The Drayton Handicap on the same day may be won by **Inca.** One of the big attractions on Friday will be the Chesterfield Cup, which **Warden of the Marches** may win, even though he will have a hunting burden on his back.

POLO NOTES . . . By A. W. Coaten

Ups and Downs

A glance through the changes which have recently been made in the Hurlingham Handicap is full of interest. It brings to light those players who have failed to maintain their form in the present season, and also serves to remind us that there are a number of men who have managed to enhance their reputation. Among the latter is Captain C. T. I. Roark, who has been advanced from 8 to 9 points. Nobody who watched this fine player in his chief matches this year will quarrel with this move of the handicapping committee He has been lucky enough to enjoy the services of some of Mr. Sanford's brilliant ponies. Never before has Captain Roark been so well mounted as this season. The result is that he has played right up to the form which he showed at Meadow Brook last autumn, when he gained the warm praise of the American polo critics. It seems inevitable that in due course he will be called upon to play for England against the United States, but in view of the proposed visit of an Army-in-India team to Long Island next year, Captain Roark will have to wait awhile before he gets the chance of distinguishing himself in the International field. It is understood that he is going to America next month in order to play for Mr. Sanford's team in the Championship Tournaments there.

High Handicaps

I note that Mr. Lewis Lacey and Mr. John Traill have both had their handicaps decreased. This means there are no longer any British 10-point players on the Hurlingham list. The only men who occupy that proud position at the moment are the Americans, Messrs. T. Hitchcock, D. Milburn and J. Watson Webb. The last named, by the way, is now only 9 points in his own country. It is not surprising that the two brilliant Anglo-Argentine players I have mentioned should have been brought down a peg. Neither of them has been really consistent this year. In fact, their form has been decidedly patchy, though nobody doubts that each of them can still pull out superb polo when really on his game. It must be pleasant for Lord Wodehouse to get back to 9 points after having been rather abruptly dropped a season or two ago from 10 to 8 points. He has done consistently well lately and must be reckoned still one of the strongest players in the land. A pity he was unable to put his team of Harlequins into the field against El Gordo in the Coronation Cup. Lord Wodehouse's lot might easily have carried off that tournament, for El Gordo did not greatly impress when they took on the 17th/21st Lancers at Ranelagh.

Mr. Lacey's Mishap

The match was spoilt to a large extent by the unfortunate accident to Mr. Lacey. When he became involved with Mr. Walford and the Marquis de Villabragima in a particularly violent collision, it looked an exceedingly ugly affair. The players concerned were lucky to get off so cheaply as they did. Mr. Lacey came off worst of all, and has been suffering from concussion, but it is hoped that he will be well enough to proceed to America with the Argentine team in accordance with arrangements which were made some time ago. It is a long time since Colonel Charles D. Miller was seen in action on the polo field, so it was delightful to his friends to find him in a match at Roehampton a week or two ago. Playing on the opposite side in the same game was his son, Mr. Peter Miller, which reminds us that a new generation is springing up in polo.

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DEWAR'S

IF WE HAD NO LANGUAGE

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *July 26.*

DEAR COUSIN—

DIDN'T someone once say language was specially invented for us so's to conceal our thoughts, or words to that effect? And has it ever occurred to you, I wonder, to wonder what this li'l old world'd be like if we simply couldn't and didn't—talk one solitary word or single syllable, I mean? Just silence all round. Deeds, not words, as they're so fond of holding up to us as a great and noble motto for fine strong he-man and she-woman stuff, in places where they sing or otherwise utter ex-

The American language

hortations of uplift and leave-the-world-better-than-you-find-it kind of thing.

NO sermons, no speeches, no boring talks with stuffy but wealthy aunts and uncles of the Old School, no making careful conversation for the hearty young and ditto elders of the bromide breed; no polished but painful politeness to the Horrid Cats we hate like Hull. All genuine honest-to-goodness stuff and no waste of time or deception . . . But oh, have only just thought of it. Also no theatres—and Lord preserve us from being reduced to nothing but the all-conquering Hollywood brand of movies; though certainly, come to think of it, if there wasn't any language there couldn't be any sub-titles, and that'd be, at any rate, *one* blessing.

WHICH reminds me, though, yet another terrible thought. Not a single word available either if you were to—well, hint to yourself what you think of things on a wet and shivery morning when you feel nobody loves you and they've just sent you home a frock that doesn't fit and . . . No, that's torn it; and don't think after all it could possibly be done or borne. And believe I'd even rather live with the American language than none at all—and I couldn't possibly say no fairer nor that, could I?

NOT that it isn't rather amusing in its way just for a little while, especially as heard out of the mouths of such of the true and loyal subjects of President Coolidge as are now exploring in their thousands, yea, and tens of thousands, this very selfsame li'l old burg. And paying same way as they talk (*par le nez*) for glorious privilege of sitting in Dr. Johnson's seat (where, of course, he *may* have sat once) at one celebrated hostelry—where, by the way, I believe they still keep up, don't they—whether for America's benefit or not, course I don't know—the ancient and traditional usage or custom of sawdusting the floor?

THOUGH isn't it a simply sweet and entrancing scream—positively only the other day there was a perfectly good American professor telling us how one of the very first things that strikes a good American when he lands here is the "curious inflection of English as spoken in England." Whereat a slight pause, methinks, for breath and smelling salts, which having been handed round twice and a double Horse's Neck or some such potent tonic hastily imbibed, we can then proceed to lap up at leisure the full and exquisite

Huns are to be seen at Blankenberghe

The masculine figure

flavour of what's surely one of the World's Best Mots.

ONLY all helps to show, doesn't it, that it takes all sorts to make a world, and there's a couple of sides to everything, not to say three, and opinions differ and all that sort of thing, what? Take the U.S. point of view about war debts, f'r instance, not to mention the war—wherefrom and whence I'm certain sure they must be perfectly reasonable and right, 'cos, after all, no people, not to say whole nation, could ever make 'emselves *quite* so unpopular without feeling that they had logic or heaven or both on their side, so to speak.

LOGIC, anyway, yes, I'm sure. The only illogical thing really being that little bit of fighting they did right at the end—though, yes, there is just one more rather illogical part of it, about their thinking they won the war, I mean. Which, of course, is just a sort of a slightly grimmish joke to us, but, believe me, dear Cousin, have met quite several Americans lately here in London now who actually seemed to think it was true, and *that* was why the U.S. was doing a sort of Shylock turn about "debts," and quite right, too. Well, well, you live and learn, don't you?

AND, after all, as I keep on telling people—only they won't all believe me—there are simply hundreds and hundreds of perfectly charming Americans who positively boil if you merely mention President Wilson to them, or any of the rest of their political people that ran certain comparatively recent but far from entirely

approved affairs. They've got one adorable writer of books—anyway, from now I swear it—Mr. Sinclair Lewis, to be exact, who, in his latest effort, "Mantrap," has produced somehow (after various somewhat critical bits of slick efficiency called "Babbitt," and so on), a bit of the positively real stuff that even the reddest-blooded Englishman (I think they mix iced-water with it sometimes across the way) would, or ought to be, proud of having produced.

SOME quaintish contrast, by the way, to the play I happened to be seeing same night, and, in fact, rushed off hurriedly and lately to dress for, very moment I'd breathlessly slammed the cover on the last page of "Pillars of Society," by one Henrik Ibsen, to wit, at the Everyman. A fine play, too, dear Cousin, albeit a shade old-fashioned in parts. People don't make quite such long speeches, now, nor get quite so agitated over such matters as whether gentlemen prefer blondes, or words to that effect. But the root of the matter's there, so to speak, and I'm sure the affairs of Consul Bernick are happening in very much the same sort of way in quite a lot of our jolly little rural villages of England to-day, what?

THOSE dear old modes and ideas—they never die really, do they?

No boring talks with stuffy but wealthy aunts and uncles

E.g. and *par exemple,* there's a quite nice and apparently more or less up-to-date artist in Noo Yark telling us that beauty in women is, after all, in curves, not in straight lines . . . There is more beauty (says he) in the fulsomeness of the stylish stout than in the masculine figure of many a flapper of to-day. . . . The stylish stout—oh, Mr. Coffin, I thank thee (said she Shakespearianly) for that word.

I SUPPOSE it's partly because of Dora we have this urge to go abroad—no chocolates after dark, I mean—and if you want a cigarette you have to get it furtively out of a slot machine, and so on. Though if one should happen to wander Belgium-wards, I hear the Huns are to be seen there, at Blankenberghe, to wit, and busily "hating"—so earnestly so that someone of English extraction had a slight *fracas* there the other night (with the same result as in late Great War). And there's to be a *men's* fashion conference soon, they say, to settle what are to be the modes of the moment after next. What a hope!

ODD world, is not it? and as aforesaid, I suppose it takes all sorts to make it. With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

"THE NINETEENTH HOLE"
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Still going Strong!

OLD SAYINGS SERIES No. 4

"Putting his foot into it"

IN the North of England a very old phrase—"The Bishop's had his foot in it"—is used when food is burnt in the cooking. The supposed origin was the habit of running out to receive the Bishop's blessing as he passed, and leaving any cooking to take care of itself.

When disputes arose over the title to land in Hindustan, the question was settled by digging two holes in the spot concerned, and into these the lawyer for each claimant put his foot. Here they remained until one gave in through exhaustion, the award going to the side which endured longest.

The most popular saying to-day is
"Johnnie Walker, please!"

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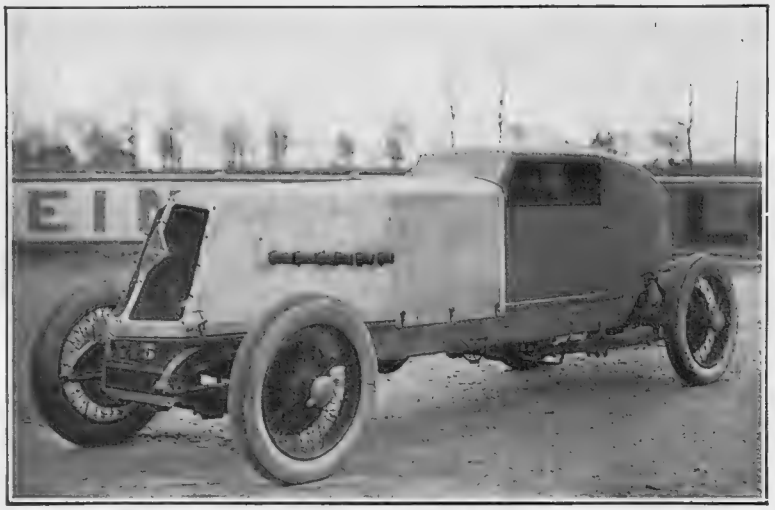
MOTOR NOTES



A WORLD'S RECORD MAKER

The Renault which recently secured the world's 24 hour record at 108·3 m.p.h. This car is specially interesting in that it is practically a standard car and carries a saloon body for record work

BEFORE the next BYSTANDER appears the August Bank Holiday will have come and gone. It is the last of the really motoring holidays, and will most probably be notable for the enormous number of cars on the road, with the consequent proportion of accidents. I therefore wish to take this opportunity of impressing upon all motorists the extreme necessity of driving with as much circumspection as possible. On crowded roads it is the tortoise who usually gets there before the hare, and all idea of speed should therefore be washed out of the programme. It should be remembered that on Bank Holidays many drivers, pedestrians and cyclists are on the road who have very little experience of congested traffic, and therefore the road problems on such an occasion are about as bad as possible.

***

NEXT Monday the B.A.R.C. is holding its August Bank Holiday race meeting, which should be very well attended, and on the following Saturday the Grand Prix of the R.A.C. will take place on the track. This has attracted thirteen entries, and will be particularly interesting in that two "S" bends will be instituted on the Finishing Straight. On the occasion of my last visit to the track certain of these sand banks were in position. To me they appeared remarkably close together, and the average speed round the bends will therefore be very low. The acceleration, braking, and steering necessary to negotiate these obstacles should give the spectators all the thrills they can require.

***

SOME time ago in the paddock at Brooklands I espied a particularly attractive Voisin. I discovered that the owner was a friend of mine, so in my usual retiring fashion I requested the loan of the car for a short time in order to see how it went. The performance of the car was really startling. In a remarkably short distance the car attained a mile a minute gait, as I fully realised when I endeavoured to negotiate the narrow bridge over the River Wey. The Dewandre braking system, however, soon brought the car down to a more reasonable speed. For an 18-90 h.p. car this 1925 model Voisin is exceptionally speedy. It holds the road well, while the steering is particularly good. The special body carried two spare wheels, the tools and the hood in the pointed tail.

***

THE Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders have elected their new officers for the current year. The President is now Mr. R. W. Maudslay, head of the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., of Coventry, while the Vice-Presidents are Sir George Beharrell, D.S.O., and Mr. G. M. Young, the Honorary Treasurer being Mr. Leslie Walton.

(Continued on page 232)

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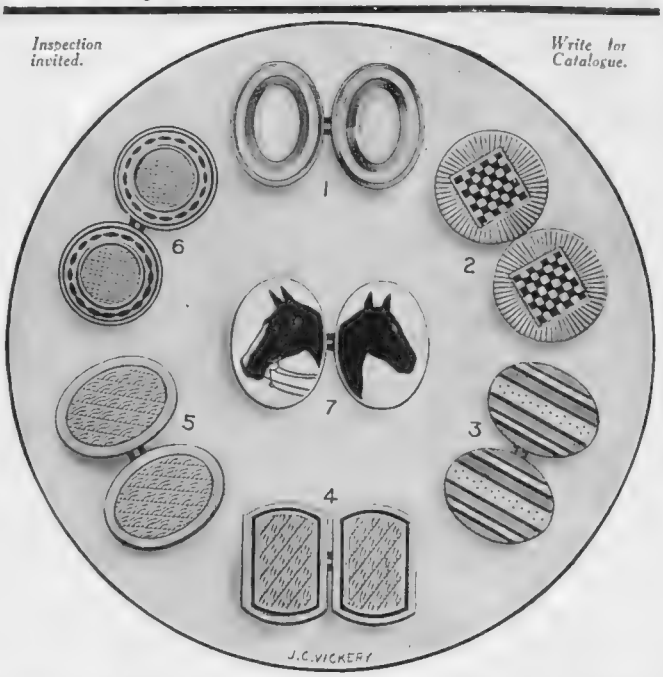

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A non-stop engine run for any length of time in this country presents certain difficulties, but when such a trip is undertaken in the Colonies the difficulties are considerably greater. It is therefore an excellent performance of a 9-20 h.p. four-seater Rover which has recently made a non-stop engine run from Auckland to Wellington in New Zealand and back (1,000 miles) under weather conditions which are stated to be the worst known for thirty-six years. The roads throughout were nothing but a sea of liquid mud, yet the Rover ran on happily for 62½ hours without a single involuntary stop.

* * *

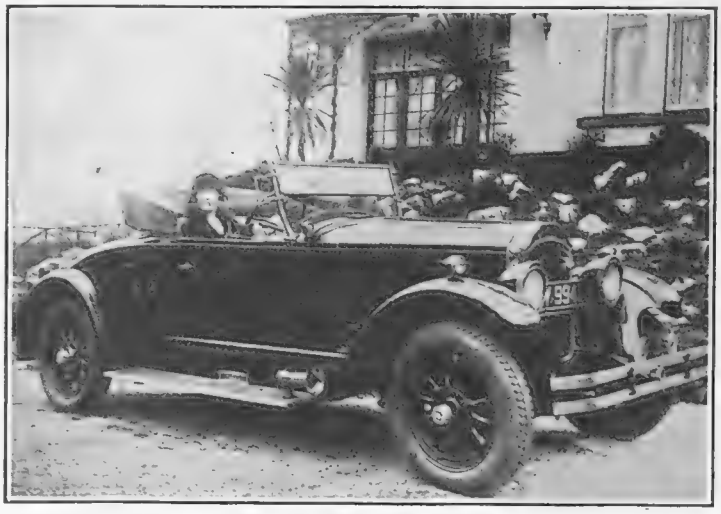
Whenever a motorist is fined for infraction of the road laws his fines are paid into the Road Fund. Those who have been wicked enough to break the law and have therefore had to pay up, will be interested to know that in 1925-26 they paid to the Road Fund approximately £165,000. "The Autocar" works this out at an average of about 2s. 0¾d. per vehicle licensed.

* * *

Bianchi Motors, Ltd., has now gone into liquidation, and the remaining assets of the old company have been acquired by a new company called Bianchi Motors (1926), Ltd., under the chairmanship of the Earl of Macclesfield. One member of the Board is Mr. Bianchi, junior, while another is Mr. Tomaselli, who is the managing director of the Italian Bianchi Company and the designer of the Bianchi car.

* * *

It is interesting to note that two members of the Government of Northern Ireland have just taken delivery of Austin cars. The Rt. Hon. H. McD. Pollock, Minister of Finance, has selected a 12 h.p. Gordon Saloon and the Rt. Hon. J. M. Andrews, Minister of Labour, has chosen a Clifton tourer.



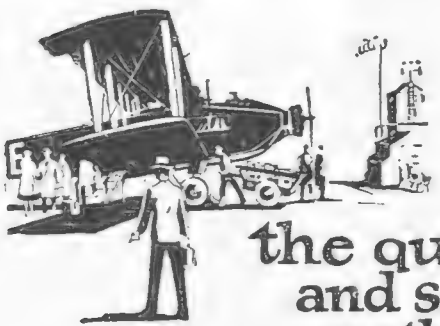
READY FOR THE ROAD

A fine example of the Willys Knight "Six" Roadster, which is very popular among lady drivers. The Willys Knight was one of the first cars to be built with a sleeve-valve engine

Some weeks ago I gave a few details concerning the new 18-50 h.p. Crossley "Six," and stated that I should shortly be carrying out a trial of the car. This trial has now taken place, and I have been so thoroughly pleased that I am looking forward to a further trial. For a 17.7 h.p. engine the performance is surprisingly good. On top gear the fastest I attained was 62 m.p.h., but I understand that later models, with a slightly lower ratio, are five miles an hour faster. On the same gear the car would toddle along at a speed of about three m.p.h. Throughout the whole of its range the engine remains silent and vibrationless, except at the highest speed, when there is a subdued roar from the carburettor, which is by no means unpleasant. The braking on all four wheels is very good, with the result that this car can be driven at high speeds on twisting roads with every confidence.

* * *

The Crossley coachwork, as on all their models, is particularly comfortable. Ample room is provided for five adults, and there is adequate leg room both at the front and the rear. The equipment is most complete, while the lay-out leaves all vital parts instantly accessible. The new Crossley has the appearance and performance of a car of considerably greater power. George C. Stead.



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THERE is a silky sheen and suppleness about "XANTHA" which appeals to every woman who loves pretty lingerie. "XANTHA" fashions delightful Undies for a very moderate outlay. Constant laundering will not dim its freshness, and it does not "ladder."

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LEADING DRAPERS WILL GLADLY SHOW YOU A SELECTION—EITHER IN THE PIECE (48-49 ins. WIDE, 7/11 PER YARD), OR IN GARMENTS READY TO WEAR. IF ANY DIFFICULTY, PLEASE WRITE COURTAULDS LTD. (Dept. 34), 19, ALDERMANBURY, LONDON, E.C.2.

"XANTHA," made by Courtaulds, Ltd., Manufacturers of "Luvisca."

IN THE HEART OF THE BEAUTIFUL TROSSACHS

A famous Scottish Hydro re-opens

Callander Hydro—that popular Scottish Hostel which was so disastrously burned down on Christmas Eve two years ago, re-opened on July 9th.

While the old house gained a great reputation for comfort and cuisine it held nothing to compare with the alluring prospects for visitors to the new building, which is under the personal supervision of Mrs. Rathie, assisted by a Swiss maitre d'hotel.

The Hydro, which stands over 500 feet above sea-level, has been sumptuously redecorated and many new features have been introduced which will ensure a delightful time for guests.

The culinary arrangements are under the supervision of a chef from the Savoy Hotel, London, which also provides six of its famous Orpheans to provide music for dancing feet in the magnificent new dance hall.

The garage accommodation extends to no less than 20 lock-ups—a great boon to the Motor Tourist.

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Recreations include Golf, Tennis, Croquet, Fishing on Loch and Stream and Boating.

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Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

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For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
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This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler.	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal ft.	Diam. of Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe
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GREENHOUSE.	ft. ft. ft.	GARAGE.	ft. ft. ft.
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BARGAIN PRICE.

PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, commanding splendid views. Hall, dining and drawing rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom and offices.

Stabling. Garage.

Modern conveniences.

LOVELY GARDENS and GROUNDS, with ORCHARD: in all about 1¼ ACRES.

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A HOUSE OF DISTINCTION AND CHARACTER. Four reception, music room, 10 best bedrooms, servants' rooms, 3 bathrooms, offices.

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"The 'star' players are unanimous in their commendation of the Melbury Hard Courts as 'the best in England' . . . . . "

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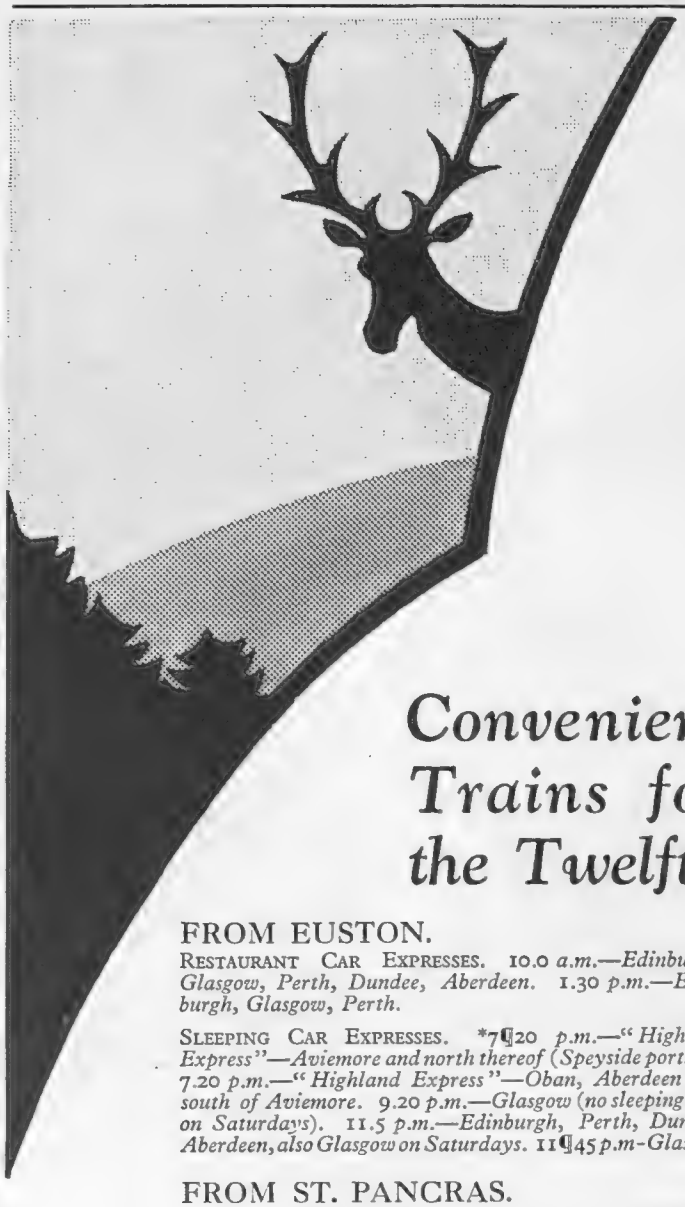

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ADDITIONAL Salons in DOVER ST. W.

THE additional Salons of Phyllis Earle enable an ever-increasing patronage to enjoy the advantage of conveniently located premises replete with every device and technical skill necessary to the treatment of beauty and hair dressing.

The keynote of the Salons is restfulness and luxurious comfort. The tastefully decorated and airy cubicles have been so designed that daylight is assured, eliminating the necessity of artificial light. There is a telephone in each Salon for your personal use. Experts of the highest measure of skill procurable are employed.

A feature which is certain to be much appreciated by patrons is the new system of hair drying. This system is absolutely silent in operation, and eliminates the tiresome hum which characterises the usual type of electric drying machine.

All matters of hygienic detail are accorded their proper importance. The towels used at the Salons are cleansed in the private Phyllis Earle Laundry and dried in the open air.

A Phyllis Earle Permanent Wave

You are cordially invited to pay an early visit of inspection to the new premises. We shall be most happy to be permitted to show you the Salons and to indicate the comprehensive scope of the Phyllis Earle service.

Facial Treatments, Manicure, Hairdressing, Marcel Waving, Permanent Waving, Water Waving, Hair Tinting (with Inecto), Pedicure.

The moderate charges are identically the same for the two establishments.

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Interesting literature describing Phyllis Earle Treatments and Preparations gladly sent on request.

Now you need not worry about ice!

"This Frigidaire Cabinet is really wonderful! We've had no trouble with it, no need to attend to it. No more disappointments for us. Here are all our cold meats, salads and desserts—really cold and delightfully fresh. We've got as much ice as we require, and all at a less cost than the price of ice alone."

Frigidaire is electrical refrigeration that can be installed in any house wired for electricity. Frigidaire is wholly automatic, nothing to start, nothing to stop, maintaining just the correct temperature always. Once Frigidaire is installed it requires no further attention. Frigidaire is economical—there is nothing to switch on and off.

There is a model to suit every requirement from £59 upwards. Call at our showrooms and see Frigidaire in operation or write for illustrated catalogue No. 173. Frigidaire can be supplied on a most favourable easy purchase plan.

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Pleasant

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. . . . of the thousands of brace that have fallen to your gun!—just as in bed at home. Yet you have travelled 400 miles to Scotland in one of the East Coast Sleeping-Car Expresses which leave King's Cross every evening for Edinburgh, Glasgow, Fort William, Aberdeen, Lossiemouth, Perth, and Inverness. They are perfectly appointed for sleep.

By day the "Flying Scotsman," other Restaurant-Car Trains and a Pullman Train leave at convenient intervals.

As "the Twelfth" approaches, accommodation is in great demand. You are advised to book early. Applications for accommodation should be addressed to the Station Master, L·N·E·R, King's Cross Station, N. 1.

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WHAT DO YOU LOOK FOR IN A CIGARETTE?

Uniformity!

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10 *for* 6d

WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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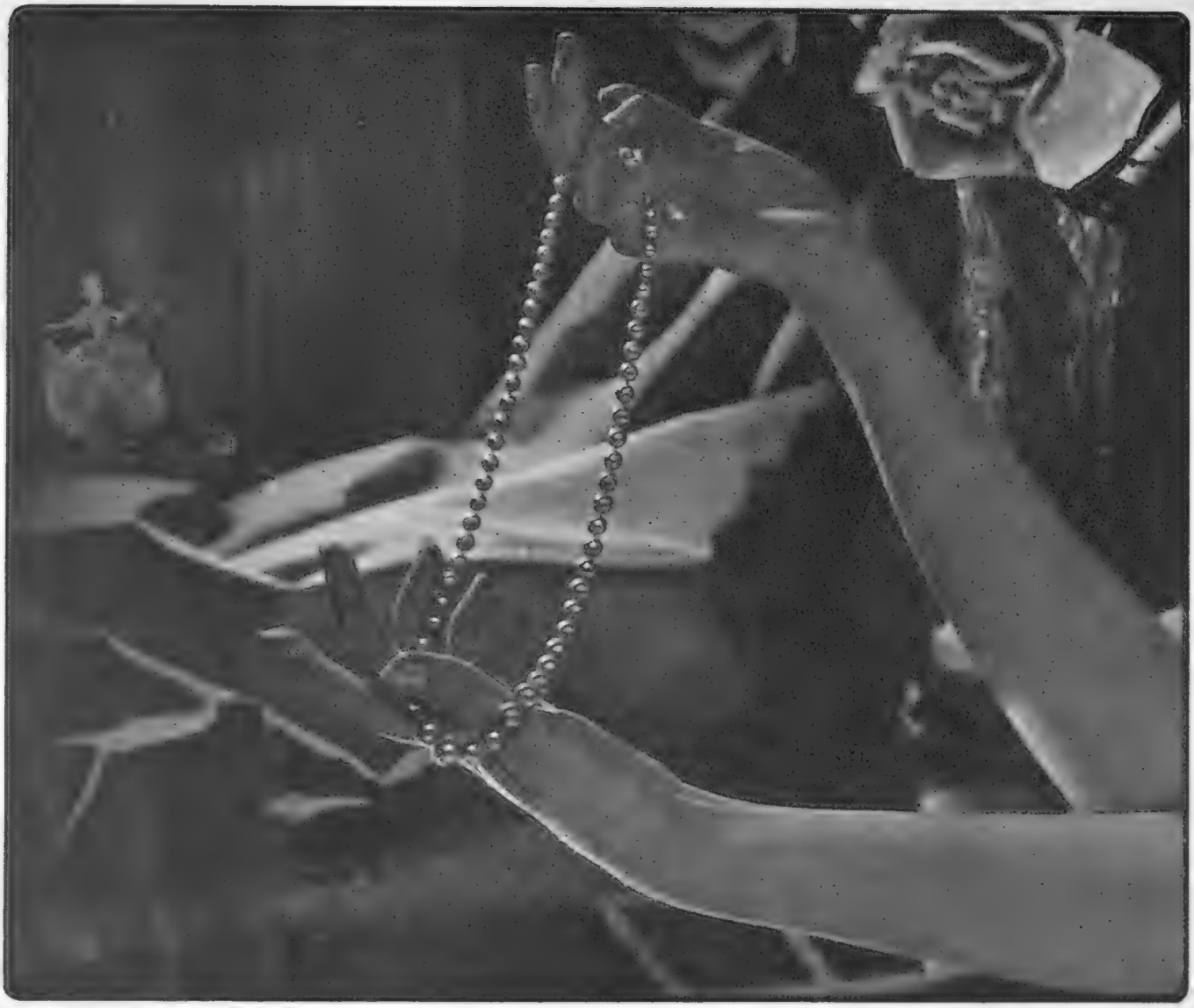

Madam — Their beauty is Everlasting!

The subtle iridescence and subdued radiance of Ciro Pearls last for no limited period, but perpetually. By secret processes which simulate the growth of the pearl in the oyster, Ciro Pearls are created to match in appearance the rarest of real pearls. Our guarantee is your insurance against any dissatisfaction with the enduring beauty of Ciro Pearls. It is a warranty of their long and brilliant life. Thousands of delighted wearers have testified to their lasting loveliness. Here are two typical letters recently received:—

From FRANKLIN (Tasmania). "When in England four years ago, I bought a necklet of Ciro Pearls for my wife. The pearls have the same beautiful gleam as when new, and now I am ordering another for my daughter shortly coming of age."

From BEVERLEY (Yorks). "When my friends see my Ciro Pearls they not only take them for real ones, but are amazed when I tell them they are Ciro's, and have been continuously in wear for nearly five years. They are as lovely as the day I bought them."

Ciro Pearls

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea (or C. O. D.) we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long with gold clasp in case. Wear for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference, return to us and we will refund your money in full. We are pledged to please you—always.

Write for illustrated Catalogue of Ciro Pearls No. 7 post free.

Orders by post receive the same careful expert attention as is given personally in our showrooms. Address to Postal Dept. 7, at our Head Establishment, 178 Regent Street, London, W.1

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

For the Summer Holidays

WHETHER these be spent in the country or by the sea, the smart little tub frock invariably finds its place. And girls who are clever with their fingers and a needle can turn out really *chic* creations at very small cost, particularly if they have taken the opportunity provided by the sales, where ginghams are going at 1*s.* 3*d.* the yard, voiles and *batistes* at very little more. The last-named is a great favourite this summer, and is charming in spot effects allied with self shades.

One of many such ideas is shown by our artist in the adjoined sketch. You are asked to vision this gay little frock in white and red, with *plissé* panels, tucked vest, and frills in white, with a coquettish follow-me-lad bow and ends of red ribbon on one shoulder, the whole crowned by a shady sombrero hat of lightweight white felt, the crown banded with red ribbon passed through a plain nickel buckle in front. Or another seductive idea is a frock of self-coloured *batiste*, the plain, almost normal waist top completed by three gathered flounces narrowly hemmed with a deeper tone. Thus a pale pink with rose borderings is lovely, also pale lavender and mauve.

A GAY LITTLE TUB FROCK

This original design is carried out in a scheme of white and red. The shady hat is in lightweight white felt, with a red ribbon, the latter colour being repeated in the coquettish bow on the shoulder

Original sketch by Betty Nisbet

Uncrushable linen is likewise responsible for some of the prettiest and most practical tub frocks, the pull-over-the-head type; the skirt is arranged with inverted pleats, which are so easily laundered, and the bodice trimmed with drawn-thread work. The latter decoration is a very host in itself, and imparts that carefully finished appearance never found in cheap ready-to-wear garments.

A Mackintosh that is Really Smart

A FEW weeks ago I had occasion to speak of a rubber-proofed silk coat designed and made by Anderson, Anderson and Anderson. This created considerable admiration and comment, and is now followed by another recent model that is even more distinctive and original, and which is here pictured. There is almost a *Directoire* touch about this affair, with its waistline and pocket flaps, the fronts crossing over to fasten with a single button. It is something wholly new and uncommon in such an utilitarian wrap, and, like its predecessor, has ventilation eyelet holes, the seams being covered by strappings of the material. This is guaranteed rain-resisting, and is of superfine rubber-proofed silk in a range of fashionable colours. The price, too, is identical, 55*s.*, and 5 per cent. discount is allowed for cash with order. Andersons' addresses are 37, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4; 58-59, Charing Cross, S.W.1; 16, New Bond Street, W.1; 190, Sloane Street, S.W.1; and 9, 10, 13, High Street, and Mary-le-Port Street, Bristol.

A Proud House

AND well it may be, since the Phyllis Earle establishment, so long associated with North Audley Street, has found it imperative to extend the business, and has consequently opened extra premises in Dover Street, W. The first to inaugurate an institute for the now eagerly sought profession of hair dressing and beauty culture for women, these people have brought the necessary training to the highest pitch of perfection.

In addition, as at North Audley Street, there are salons open to the public for every sort of hairdressing and treatment and beauty culture, staffed by picked workers. Their charges are: Marcel hair waving, 2*s.*; shingling, first time, 5*s.* 6*d.*; subsequently, 3*s.* 6*d.*; permanent waving, full head, five guineas; side pieces, £1 5*s.*

Reliable Furs Genuinely Reduced

THE fact that furs seem to be worn all the year round speaks volumes for the business enterprise of The City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4, in being able to sell at 33⅓ per cent. below the usual winter prices during the summer months.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR COAT

This smartly cut coat is of superfine rubber-proofed fancy art silk, in shades of saxe, rose, and green. The makers are Andersons, of 37, Queen Victoria Street, and various other London addresses. They also have branches in High Street and Mary-le-Port Street, Bristol

Naturally, those who can will endeavour to pay a visit to these showrooms. They certainly should, although country customers can make selection from the specially illustrated price list; and, moreover, have any garment or garments sent on approval, if covered by a remittance, which is returned in full when nothing is purchased.

Among the bargains in coats of outstanding value are half-length models of electric seal coney, with handsome square collars of natural skunk, silk-lined, at 12½ guineas, beaver coney coats, full haired skins, with gathered collars of the same, 30 inches long, lined brocade, being reduced from 15 to 9½ guineas.

The Very Best

EVERY day and in every way Xantha, that wonderful ladder-proof knitted fabric manufactured of Courtauld's artificial silk, is justifying its claims. As material for cami-knickers, *culottes* and princess petticoats it is ideal, while the jumpers and frocks made of it are simply perfection for summer service.

Woven into stripes, it has the softest, most supple of textures, and next to the skin affords that luxurious, silky feeling that is so eminently cool and desirable. Then its washing qualities are unique for a fabric of its type, provided the instructions given are followed, these comprising soft warm water—not hot—good soap, no soda, the gentlest of rubbing,

and ironing when slightly damp with a not too hot iron.

A Royal Visit

His Majesty the King of Spain honoured Mr. J. C. Vickery (who holds a Warrant of Appointment to His Majesty) with a visit to his new showrooms, 145-147, Regent Street, on July 10th, and made several purchases.

A Welcome Redivivus

Callander Hydro, which was partly destroyed by fire at the end of 1924, has risen Phœnix-like from its ashes, and is now better equipped and furnished than ever before. Standing in its private grounds of 45 acres, 500 feet above sea level, looking over the valley of the Teith, the Hydro has one of the finest dance rooms in Scotland, quite apart from the usual hotel accommodation, which includes 120 delightfully furnished bedrooms. The therapeutic department, which is under the care of a resident doctor, contains the most up-to-date bath and electrical treatment, including violet-ray apparatus. For golf enthusiasts there is an excellent eighteen-hole course within easy walking distance

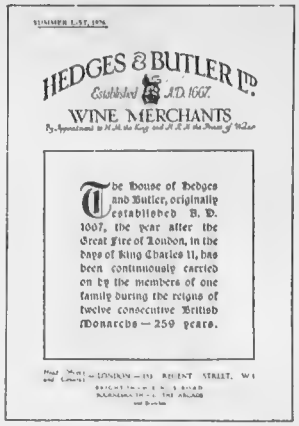
NEWLANDS CORNER HOTEL

An Hotel of Charm

The Newlands Corner Hotel, which was recently opened in the Surrey Highlands near Guildford, is as distinctive as it is charming. It is the former home of Mr. St. Loe Strachey, and the management have very wisely retained the house as far as possible as Mr. Strachey left it, having that subtle, intimate note which makes our English country houses the delightful places they are. Although an informal atmosphere predominates, there is nothing amateurish about the Newlands Corner Hotel, the culinary and domestic arrangements being of the highest standing throughout.

Food Preservation

The new rules and orders by the Ministry of Health with regard to the reduction of the amount of preservatives in food are to come into operation next year. This will mean that the installation of adequate plant for the storing of foodstuffs will become a very important question in the home and elsewhere, a question which will be answered in many cases by the installation of a Frigidaire electrical refrigerator. The advantages of this refrigerator over the old ice box are many, the most important being that the air in the cabinet is always dry. The electrical refrigerating machinery, too, works automatically, the slightest rise in temperature setting it in motion. As soon as the temperature drops to the required depth the machinery stops. The excellence of the Frigidaire may be judged by the fact that its sales in England have risen from about 100 in its first year to an estimated figure of 10,000 this year.

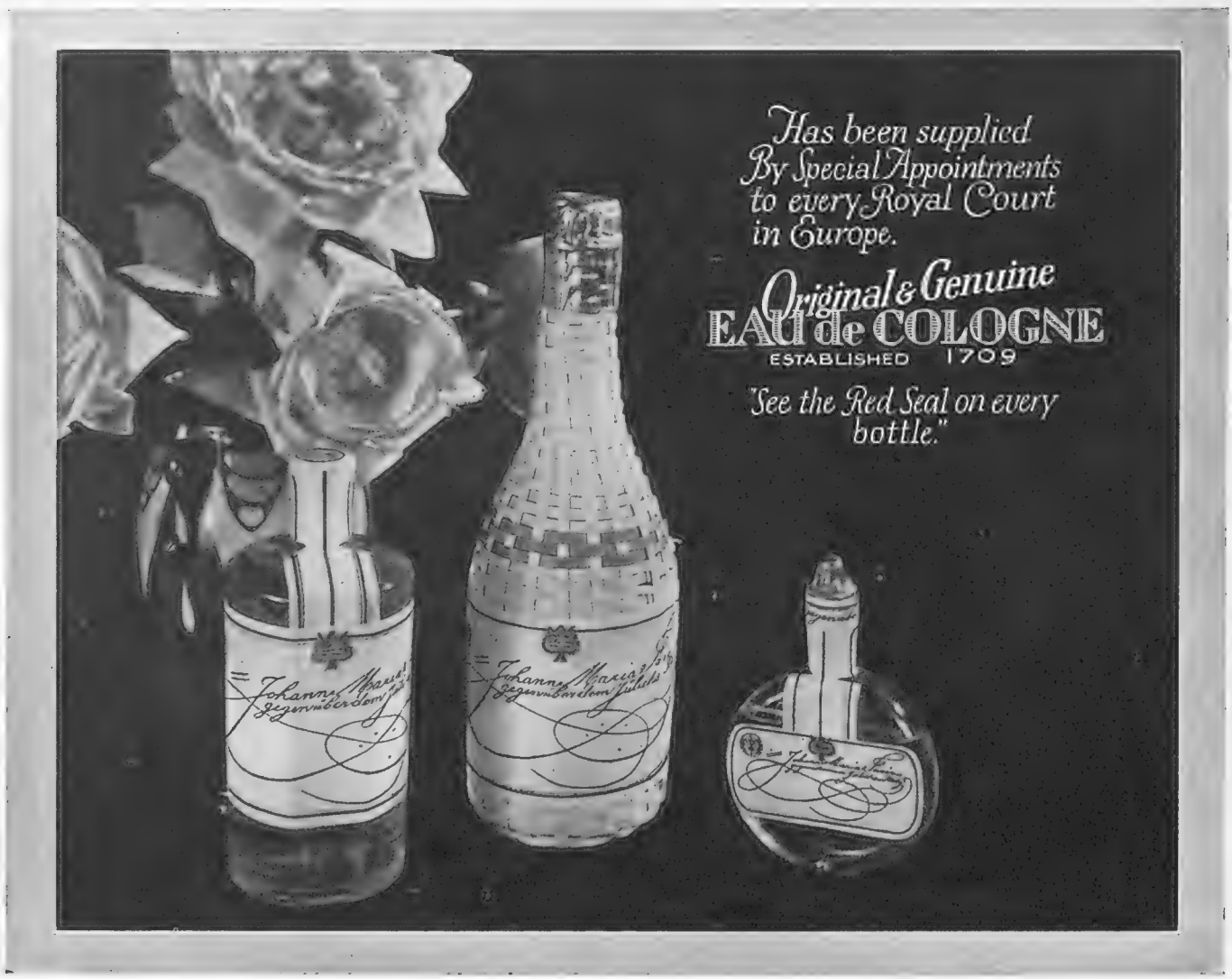


AN OLD-WORLD TOUCH

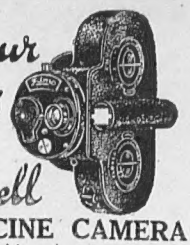
The cover of the new Hedges and Butler Summer Wine List. The wording on the front recalls the fact that the firm were originally established in 1667. Since that date the business has been continuously carried on by members of the family

For Travellers to Belgium

The Southern Railway have arranged a special night service to Belgium via Dover-Ostend on Fridays, July 30th and August 6th, to leave London (Victoria Station) at 10 p.m., Dover at 12 midnight, and arrive at Ostend at 5 a.m. on Saturday. Connecting trains reach Bruges at 7.15 and Brussels at 8.55 a.m. This additional service will be especially convenient for week-end visits to Belgium, the cheap week-end fare from Victoria to Ostend being 26s. 10d.



Film Your Holidays WITH A *Bell Howell*



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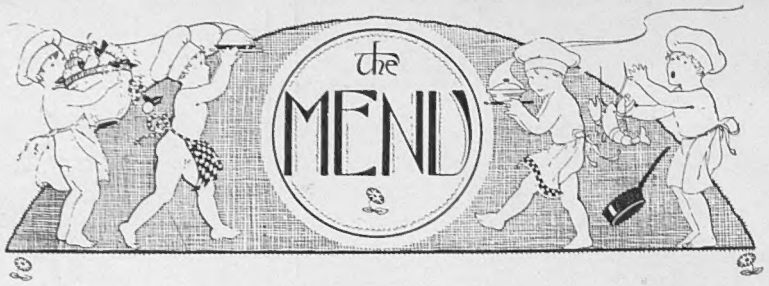

SOME WAYS OF SERVING RICE

CHICKEN PILAFF.
RICE CROQUETTES WITH PARMESAN.
RISOTTO À LA MILANESE.
RICE AND FISH TOAST (A SAVOURY).
RICE FRITTERS.

Chicken Pilaff

THIS is one of the many ways of utilising cold chicken, either as a breakfast or a luncheon dish. Take the remains of a cold fowl, remove the meat from the bones, also the skin, then cut the meat into fine shreds or small dice shapes. To about half a pound of meat, melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan; when hot, fry in it a tablespoonful of finely chopped onion. Next put in the chicken, and stir over the fire for a few minutes, without allowing it to get brown; season with salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg. Now moisten with a gill or more (according to the quantity of chicken) of stock; stir till it boils; then add about twice the quantity of cooked rice, and, if liked, a hard-boiled white of egg, previously chopped rather coarsely; a little cream, or, failing this, some fresh butter, may be added at this stage. Heat up the whole thoroughly, then dish up neatly. Sprinkle some finely-chopped cooked ham or tongue over the top, and serve hot.

Rice Croquettes with Parmesan

Wash half a pound of rice and simmer slowly in a quart of milk and water until the rice is nicely swollen and the quart of liquid all absorbed. Then place in a colander before the fire and shake occasionally until the rice is quite dry. Add breadcrumbs and grated cheese (an equal cupful of each), a little salt and cayenne; then roll into round balls, dip each one into egg and melted butter, and fry a delicate brown. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese and serve either hot or cold.

Risotto à la Milanese

Cut up an onion and fry it a nice brown, but do not burn it. Put this into a saucepan with half a pound of rice and some nice stock, and let the rice cook gently till all the stock is soaked up. Season with a little pepper and salt, and serve with grated cheese.

Rice and Fish Toast (a savoury)

Fry an onion, finely sliced, in butter with a few shrimps or pieces of lobster; stir into it one dessertspoonful of mustard. When thoroughly hot, add a teacupful of rice previously boiled and dried, and a tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese. Stir and serve very hot on rounds of buttered toast or fried *croûtons*.

Rice Fritters

Boil two oz. of rice in a little milk and water till quite soft; let it cool; then mix it up with one oz. of sugar, a few currants, a tablespoonful of flour, two well-beaten eggs, a few drops of essence of almonds, and as much milk as will make it of a proper consistency. Drop the mixture from a tablespoonful into boiling butter, and fry a light brown on both sides; drain well, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve very hot. EMILIA.

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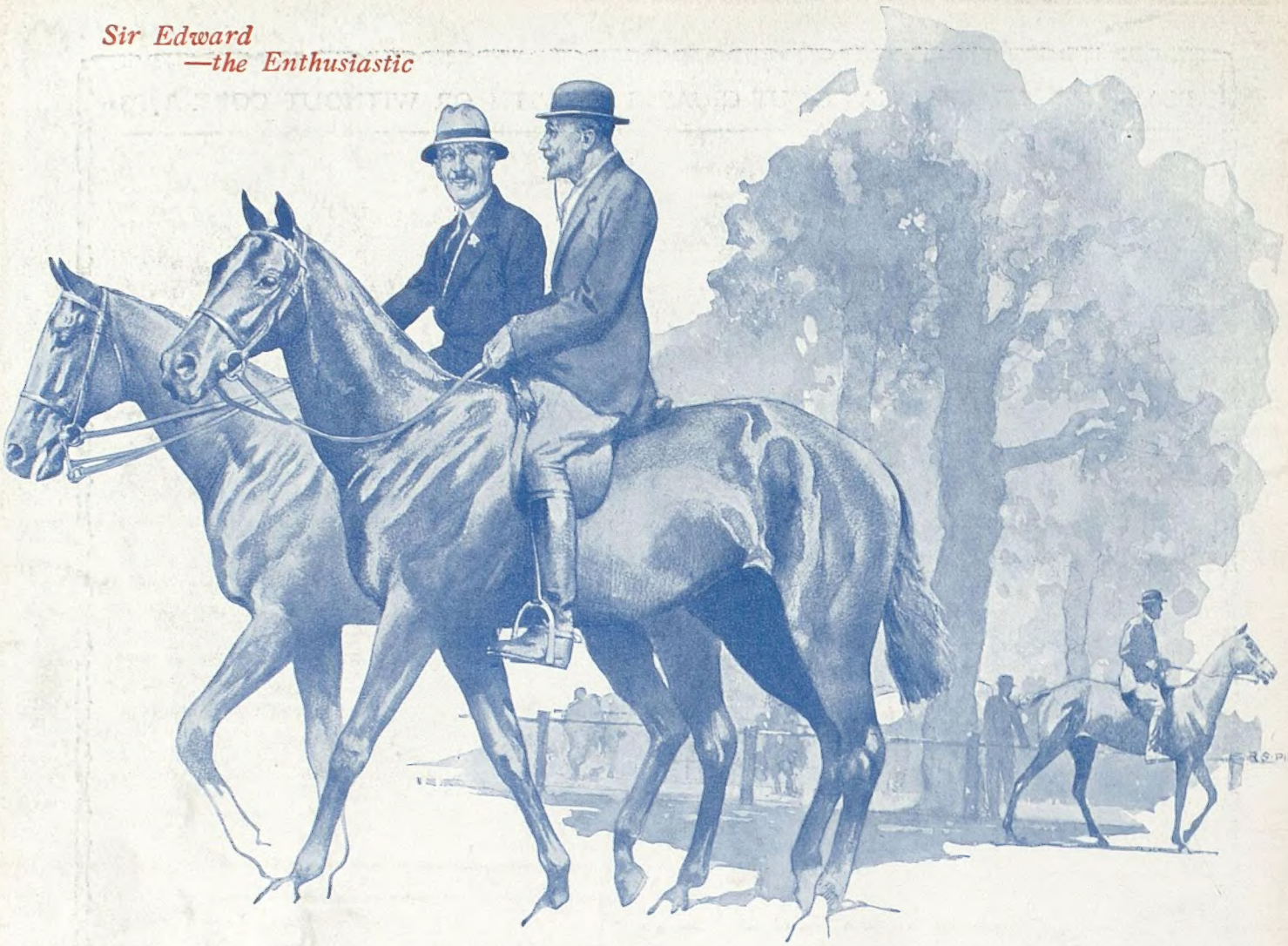

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The Major: "Well, you remember Bob tipped us 'Zionist' for the Lincoln? I saw my agent quoted it in the paper the same day at 14's, but when I 'phoned him he offered only 1,000 to 80, which I refused, as it was several days before the first call-over."

Sir Edward: "What excuse did he give?"

The Major: "Oh! just that there'd been an exceptional run on the horse."

Sir Edward: "You should deal with 'Duggie,' my boy. I 'phoned him the same day and he laid me 1,000 to 70 three times, and would have taken more had I wanted it."

The Major: "But doesn't 'Duggie' also say in his advertisements that prices are subject to market fluctuations?"

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